# What Ails the Dollar?

December 10, 1959 25¢

THE COOL EYE OF JOHN F. KENNEDY

# THE REPORTER

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

***There's a way to extend best wishes!*** Johnnie Walker promises you that. *Dozens* of good wishes in every famous bottle—whether you give it or serve it. Try smooth, mellow Red Label. Or there's rare, distinguished Black Label. Either way, your toast is in the tradition of good taste. (P.S. Don't omit your card. Everyone wants to remember who remembered *him* with Scotland's finest.)

JOHNNIE WALKER SCOTCH WHISKY

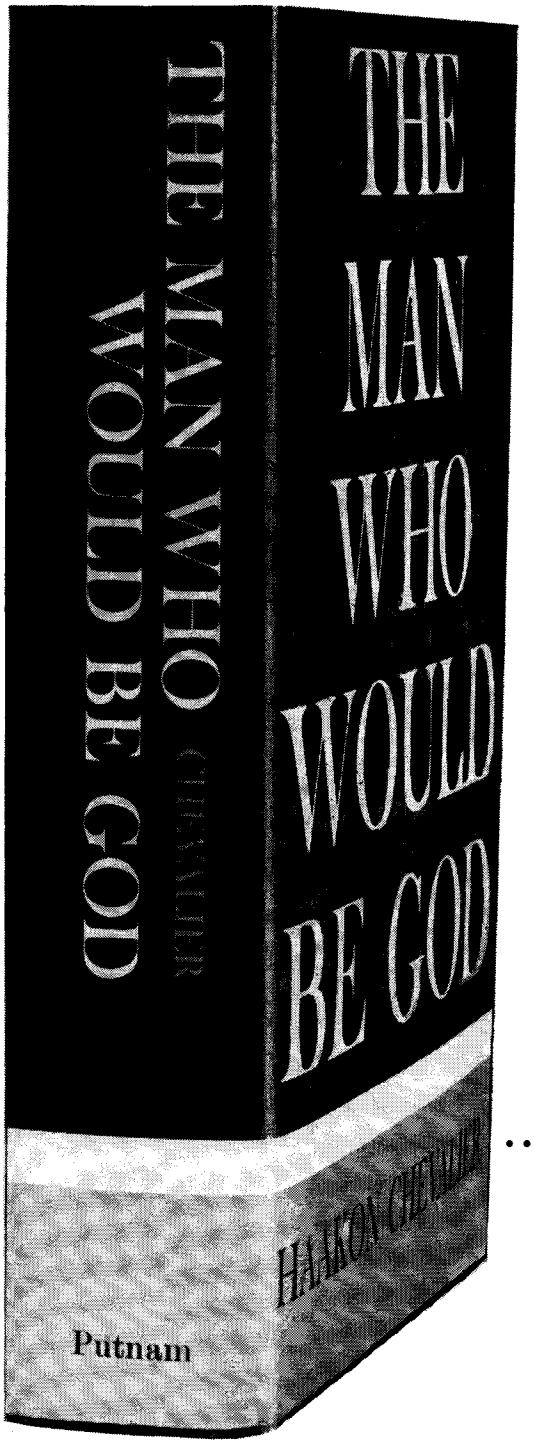
BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY, 86.8 PROOF • IMPORTED BY CANADA DRY CORPORATION, NEW YORK, N. Y.

*BORN 1820*
*...still*
*going strong*

By appointment to
Her Majesty the Queen
Scotch Whisky Distillers
John Walker & Sons Limited

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

# Controversial...




"The enigma of famed physicist J. Robert Oppenheimer lingers on chiefly because he swallowed the key to the Oppenheimer case — his own character. One of the strangest, most mystifying glimpses of that character was furnished by the 'Chevalier incident.' Now one of the principals has written a novel, and there is more than a hint from both author and publisher that the book will explain the Oppenheimer mystery."—*Time*

"Bound to make important news. Readers will perpetually wonder what is creation, what is depiction."—George E. Herman, *The Saturday Review.*

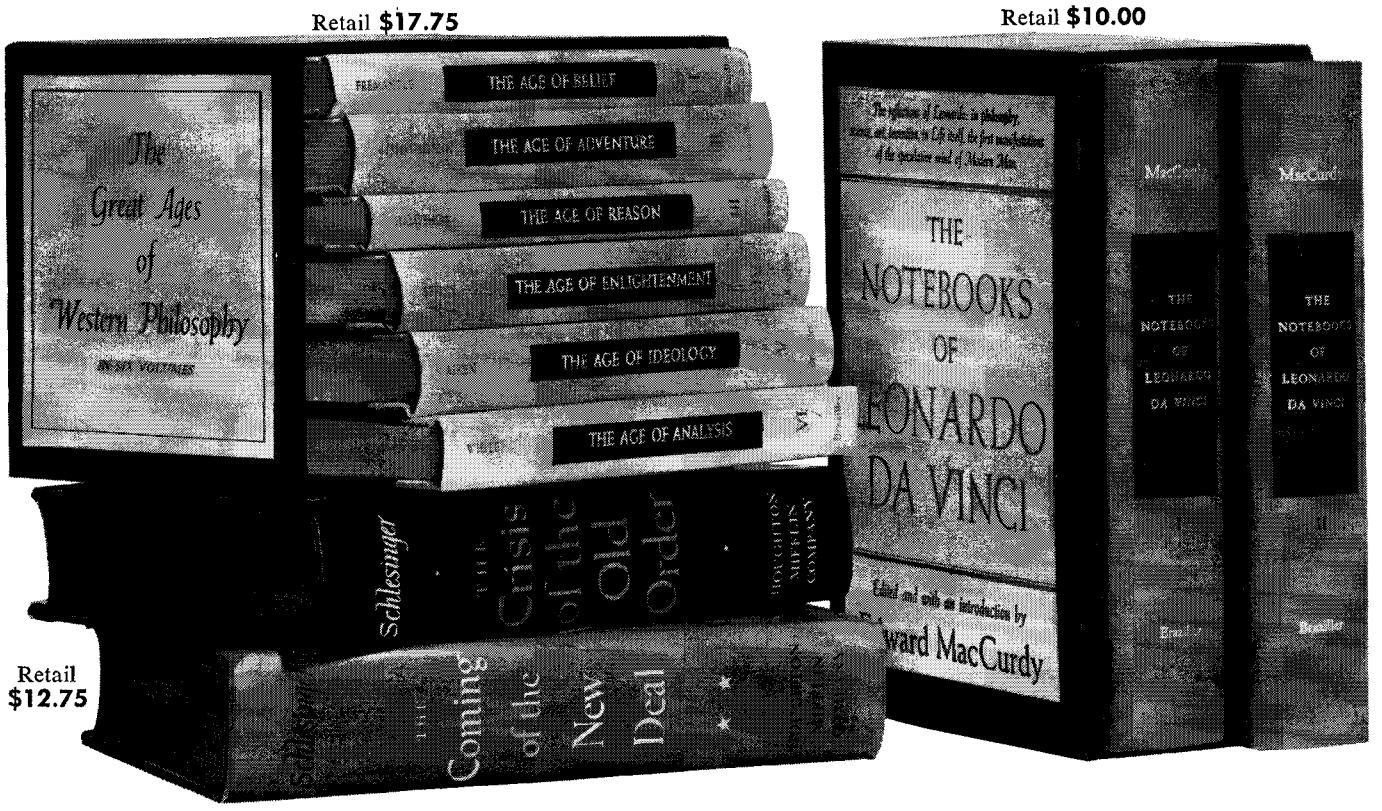
Haakon Chevalier's novel *The Man Who Would Be God,* about a man who believes that only he can control the use and abuse of the superbomb, penetrates security headlines to probe forces that can blind men who shape our future to truth and conscience.

## ...*a new selection of*
## The Book Find Club

On the following pages The Book Find Club offers new members two valuable reference works as an introductory gift. We invite you to join The Book Find Club now, and to choose as your first selection *The Man Who Would Be God* at the special member's price of $3.75 (retail price is $4.95). Or, you may begin your membership with one of the other recent selections—all current books of lasting value—shown overleaf.

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

# *Why The Book Find Club offers you* two sets




**because** *these lifetime sets of books are typical of the kind of*

**because** *they are typical of the enormous savings members enjoy.*

These valuable reference sets speak for themselves to anyone who knows books. We want to point out though that they can, depending on the choices you make, represent immediate savings of as much as $30.50. Furthermore—look at the books pictured at the right—all Book Find Club selections. Isn't it altogether likely that you will want to choose at least five more such books during the next year—at savings up to 50%—from the more than 100 selections and alternates that will be available to you as a member? And remember—after every fourth selection that you take you receive a valuable *bonus book* without charge, of the same high quality as your selections. Begin your membership today; make your first Book Find selection from the outstanding group of current books shown at the right, and choose any *two* of the fine sets, which will be sent to you free as an introductory gift.

**BEGIN MEMBERSHIP WITH**

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

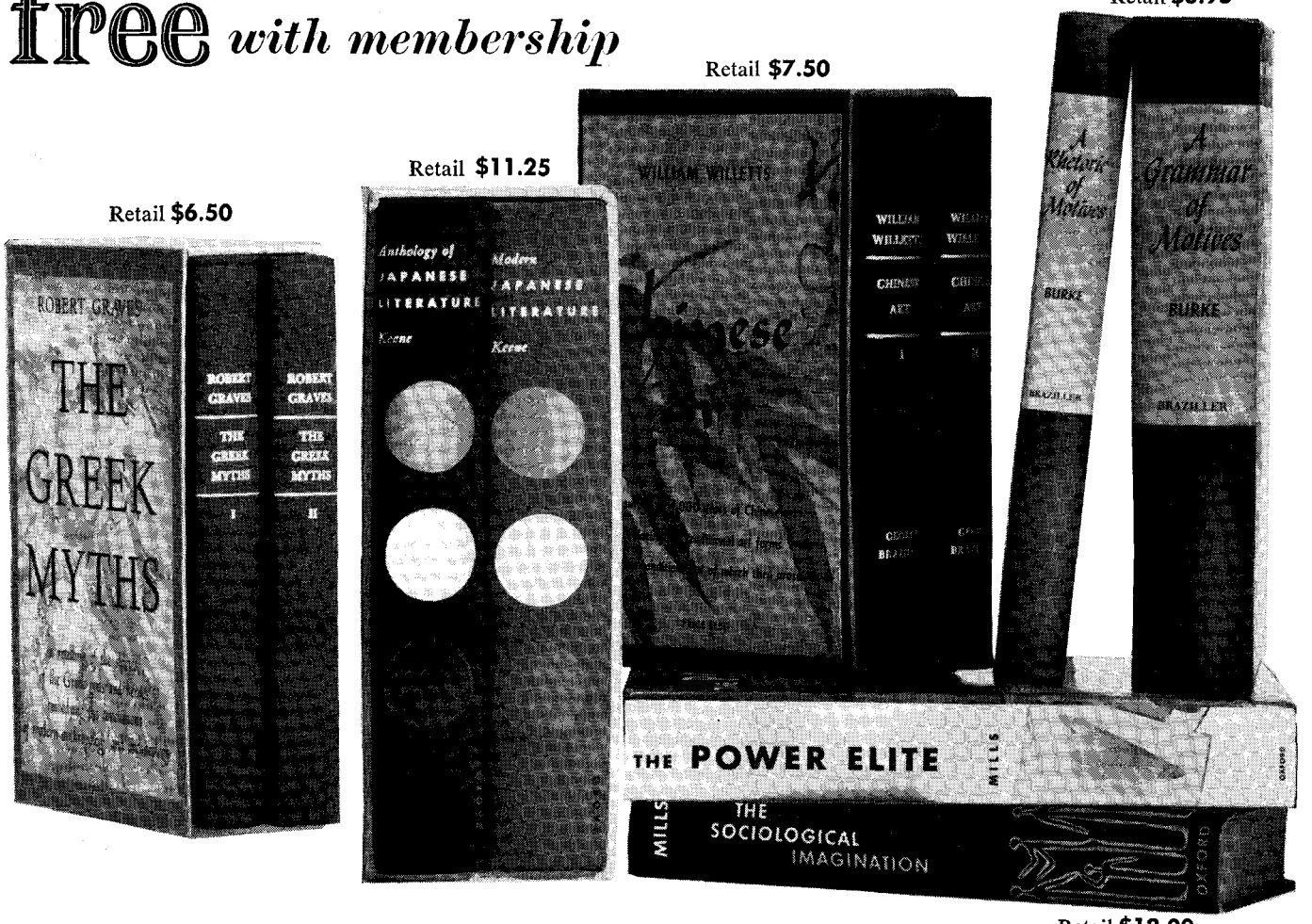
# free *with membership*

Retail **$6.50**

Retail **$11.25**

Retail **$7.50**

Retail **$8.95**




Retail **$12.00**

*selections members of The Book Find Club receive.*

## ONE OF THESE OUTSTANDING BOOKS

THE MAN WHO WOULD BE GOD.
By Haakon Chevalier.
Retail $4.95.
Member's price $3.75.

A HISTORY OF SEXUAL CUSTOMS.
By Dr. Richard Lewinsohn.
Retail $5.95.
Member's price $4.50.

EXOTIC ZOOLOGY.
By Willy Ley.
Retail $4.95.
Member's price $3.50.

THE ODYSSEY:
A MODERN SEQUEL.
By Nikos Kazantzakis.
Retail $10.00.
Member's price $5.95.

THE SLEEPWALKERS.
By Arthur Koestler.
Retail $6.95.
Member's price $4.50.

THE HOLY BARBARIANS.
By Lawrence Lipton.
Retail $5.00.
Member's price $3.50.

THE AFFLUENT SOCIETY.
By John Kenneth Galbraith
Retail $5.00.
Member's price $3.50.

SHAKESPEARE AND COMPANY. By Sylvia Beach
and HUMAN NATURE AND THE HUMAN CONDITION. By Joseph Wood Krutch.
Combined retail price $8.45.
Member's price (for both books) $4.75.

## *The Book Find Club*

215 Park Avenue South, New York 3, N. Y. B9-121

You may enroll me as a member of the Book Find Club and send me the two free sets of my choice with my first selection (checked below) at the special member's price (plus postage and handling). I agree to buy at least five additional selections—or alternates—in the next twelve months, with the understanding that I am to receive a *free bonus* book after my fourth purchase. I am to receive each month without charge the *Book Find News* containing an authoritative review of the forthcoming selection and descriptions of all other books available to me at special member's prices. This will enable me to make my own choice: if I do not want the selection announced I can return your form saying "send me nothing" or use it to order another book from the more than 100 current choice titles offered. I may cancel my membership at any time after purchasing the five additional selections or alternates.

*Begin membership with one of these outstanding books*

- ☐ ***The Man Who Would Be God***
- ☐ **America as a Civilization**
- ☐ **J. B.** *and* **Brave New World Revisited**
- ☐ **Exotic Zoology**
- ☐ **A History of Sexual Customs**
- ☐ **The Odyssey: A Modern Sequel**
- ☐ **Shakespeare and Company** *and* **Human Nature and the Human Condition**
- ☐ ***The Holy Barbarians***
- ☐ **A History of Western Morals**
- ☐ **The Sleepwalkers**
- ☐ **The Golden Bough**
- ☐ **I Remember** *and* **St. Petersburg**
- ☐ **The Golden Age of American History**
- ☐ **The Cool World**
- ☐ **The Affluent Society**

*Choose two sets* FREE *with your first selection*

- ☐ **The Great Ages of Western Philosophy**
- ☐ **Anthology of Japanese Literature** *and* **Modern Japanese Literature**
- ☐ **The Notebooks of Leonardo da Vinci**
- ☐ **The Crisis of the Old Order** *and* **The Coming of the New Deal**
- ☐ **The Greek Myths**
- ☐ **Chinese Art**
- ☐ **The Power Elite** *and* **The Sociological Imagination**
- ☐ **A Grammar of Motives** *and* **A Rhetoric of Motives**

Mr.
Mrs.....
Miss **Please print**

Address.....City.....Zone.....State.....

*(Same offer and prices apply in Canada. Address: 105 Bond St., Toronto 2, Ontario)*

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

# THE REPORTER'S NOTES

## A Call to Arms

The time has come to take a long, steady look at the increasing tendency of government to meddle in the private affairs of the business enterprises, great and small, that are the very engines of this great free-enterprise vessel on which we are all privileged to ride. The latest outrage was perpetrated by Dr. Leroy E. Burney, surgeon general of the U.S. Public Health Service, who, without any invitation, has opined that filter tips do not appreciably reduce the cigarette smoker's chances of getting lung cancer. But mere statistics are not yet Holy Writ even in this scientific age, and James P. Richards, president of the Tobacco Institute, has surely spoken for right-thinking Americans everywhere when he said that Dr. Burney "has performed a real disservice, not just to the 65,000,000 smokers and the millions of Americans engaged in the tobacco business in one way or another, but to the public as a whole."

Dr. Burney was perhaps led into his indiscretion by the example of his boss, Secretary of Health, Education and Welfare Arthur Flemming, who took it upon himself shortly before Thanksgiving to issue a warning about the possibly baleful effects of bug-free but carcinogenic cranberries. And yet the tendency to meddle is by no means restricted to the executive department of our Federal government. A few years ago Representative Kenneth A. Roberts (D., Alabama) got a law passed forcing refrigerator manufacturers to make doors openable from the inside for the sake of a few thoughtless children who might otherwise get locked in. He has now decided to butt in on questions of automobile safety, and has gotten a law passed in the House that would authorize the Secretary of Commerce to prescribe safety equipment such as seat belts on all government cars. Mr. Roberts's henchmen cite estimates that seat belts might save 5,500 lives and reduce injuries by sixty per cent, but surely that's no excuse for depriving loyal public servants of their full rights to run the same risks as all other taxpaying citizens.

The ugly blight has spread throughout the warp and woof of our entire democracy, infecting even the traditionally healthy relations between small government and small businessmen. Why, right here in New York City scheming bureaucrats are attempting to get the Department of Weights and Measures to make fundamental changes in its benign *laissez-faire* attitude toward butchers who leave their thumbs on the scales while weighing chickens. Where will it all end?

## The Slipped Disc

"Payola," an unlovely self-explanatory addition to current headlines that have propelled the instant resignations of several well-known disc jockeys (well-known at least to teenagers), is hardly a new addition to the argot of the popular music business. Before the ascension of the disc jockey, it was widely known that certain influential vaudeville performers and band leaders were open to persuasive gifts—in some cases, "co-composer" credits and resultant royalties—in return for featuring certain new songs.

"Payola" in various forms has become much more pervasive now that music "hits" are made on the air waves and there are so many disc jockeys to enlist. In recent years, some of the more important members of that resonant profession have become remarkably aggressive in demanding their tithe or more, and some have taken so much pleasure in flexing their powers that they have accepted one or more gratuities, and then not played the record anyway.

Like the hapless contestants on fixed quiz shows, disc jockeys are being awarded most of the newspaper space. But that should not blind us to the fact that someone had to do the paying. Sydney Nathan, president of King records, has announced in wrath that "It's a rotten mess and it has been getting worse in the last five years." He then promised to provide canceled checks his company

## STIFF SCENTENCE

*"The World Premiere of 'Behind the Great Wall,' the first all-scent film in AromaRama . . . has been postponed until . . . December 8th."*
—Publicity release.

Now you can sit and smell the Hero's breath—
A trace of Scotch, perhaps, or maybe Gleem?—
Inhale the heady odors of Her hair
And nape—Diorissima, Moment Supreme?—
Sniff ether in the operating room
Or blood in alleyways or love in bed,
Swoon in the vapors of mimosa bloom
Or shudder from the sweetness of the dead.
Now that the shadows speak and move and smell,
Be careful—they will touch you next as well,
And then at last you'll know how shadows feel,
To whom all things are done—and no things real.

—SEC

THE REPORTER, December 10, 1959, Volume 21, No. 10. Second-class postage paid at New York, New York, and at Dayton, Ohio. Published every other Thursday except for omission of two summer issues by The Reporter Magazine Company, 660 Madison Avenue, New York 21, N. Y. © 1959 by The Reporter Magazine Company. All rights reserved under Pan-American Copyright Convention. Subscription prices, United States, Canada, U.S. Possessions and Pan American Union: one year $6, Two years $9.50, Three years $12. All other countries: One year $7, Two years $11.50, Three years $15. Please give four weeks' notice when changing address, giving old and new address. **Send notice of undelivered copies on Form 3579 to: The Reporter, McCall St., Dayton 1, Ohio.** Indexed in *Readers' Guide to Periodical Literature* and *Public Affairs Information Service.*

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

# Only a self educated man can be truly educated

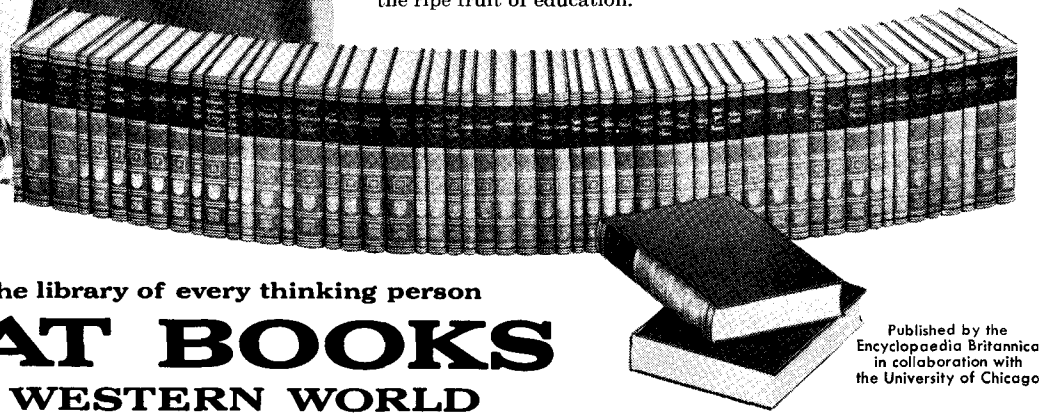
A thoughtful discussion by **William Benton**
former Asst. Secretary of State and U.S. Senator

"There are probably very few people who labor under the delusion that because they once satisfactorily completed a physics course in school their knowledge of science is complete. In fact, there is general recognition that a scientist's education is never complete.

"It is paradoxical indeed that in the equally profound areas of history, philosophy, theology, literature, all the important humanities, just the reverse is commonly held to be true. Once the required course of study is passed and a college degree earned, our education in these subjects is often assumed to be complete.

"This, of course, could not be further from the truth. A person who does not continue year after year to add to his knowledge and insight can never be a really educated man. In fact, just the opposite is likely to occur. Change is a law of life. Nothing remains static. Our interests either broaden or narrow. Our thoughts deepen or become ever more shallow. We grow in knowledge and perception or our minds shrink away to insignificance.

"The amount of formal schooling possible to us is usually limited, of course, by the necessity of earning a living. Only self-education can continue to give us the constant association with great minds and the contemplation of great thoughts which produce an educated man. The edition of the Great Books described below was compiled with this purpose in mind—to provide the nourishment the mind needs to grow in wisdom—the ripe fruit of education."



**Essential in the library of every thinking person**

# GREAT BOOKS
## OF THE WESTERN WORLD

Published by the Encyclopaedia Britannica in collaboration with the University of Chicago

***now available direct from the publisher with great new*** **SYNTOPICON**

A mind is permanently enriched by a new concept only if the concept is fully understood. And only a scholar with long years of disciplined study behind him can ordinarily stick to the task of absorbing the great abstract ideas without an instructor. Guidance, interpretation, discussion are usually necessary to give them meaning and application to one's own life. That is why this new edition of the GREAT BOOKS was published.

The key to its enormous value is the "teacher" it provides—the amazing SYNTOPICON pictured above. The SYNTOPICON is a new concept in self-education. It is the product of 400,000 man-hours of research by 100 scholars over a period of eight years. It is quite literally a great "teacher" living in your home . . . always at your disposal to interpret to you the great ideas contained in the Great Books.

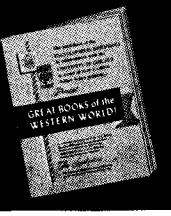
As you begin to absorb and understand these great ideas by which man has survived and progressed, you will begin to reflect their greatness in your own ability to think, speak, and act with new and impressive weight. You will have sounder judgment on political and economic issues as the great minds who conceived and contributed law and justice make the whole great idea of government clear to you. You will develop a sounder philosophy of life as *your* mind is illuminated by the great minds of the ages.

You will not be limited in your business progress by your own narrow specialty, but will be prepared to handle the problems of top management which call for broad general thinking rather than limited technical knowledge.

Even in your own personal life, a knowledge of mankind through century on century can guide you to the decisions and actions which have eternally resulted in the greatest success and contentment.

Don't miss this opportunity to learn the details of this new edition of the GREAT BOOKS. Mail in the coupon below for a free descriptive booklet. It will explain how you can find new understanding of yourself and the world through the great ideas which have engrossed man since the written record of man began. It is in this way that one stretches mind and soul. It is in this way that one grows in wisdom.

*Mail Coupon Now for FREE BOOKLET*




**GREAT BOOKS OF THE WESTERN WORLD, DEPT. 35-D**
425 N. Michigan Avenue, Chicago 11, Illinois

Please send me, *free and without obligation*, your handsome booklet which pictures and describes the revolutionary SYNTOPICON and the GREAT BOOKS in full detail. Also, include complete information on how I may obtain this magnificent set, *direct from the publisher*, on your special budget plan.

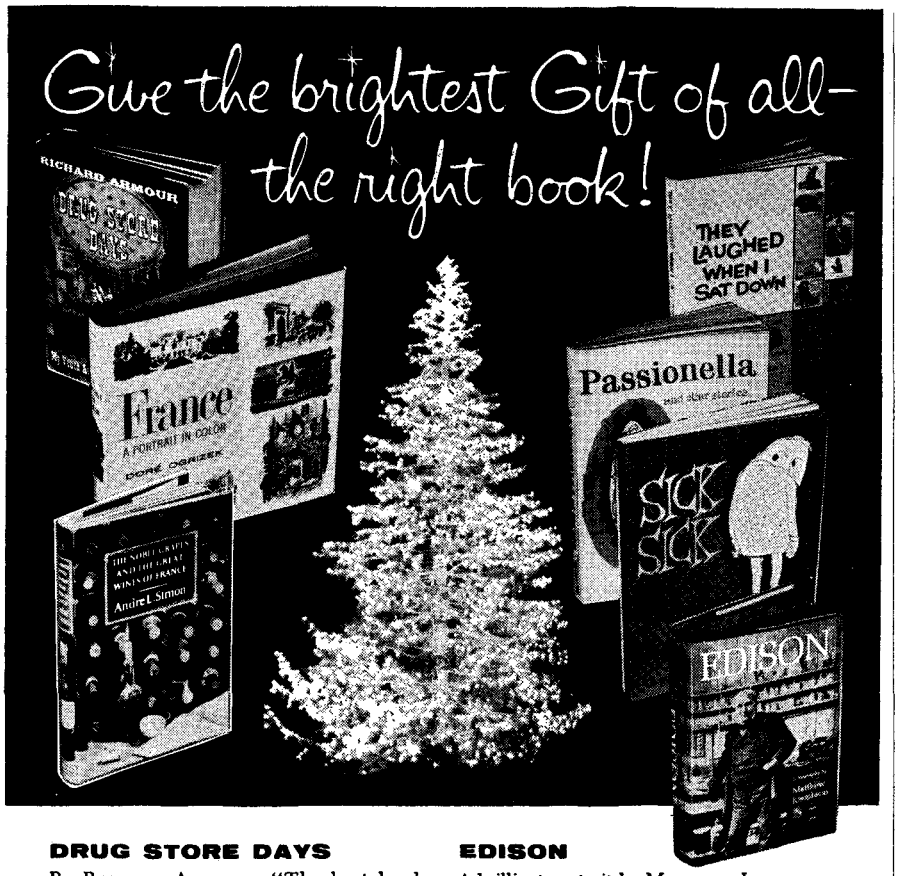
*Name*_____
(please print)

*Address*_____

*City*_____ *Zone*_____ *State*_____

In Canada, write Great Books of the Western World, Terminal Bldg., Toronto, Ont.

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED




**DRUG STORE DAYS**
By RICHARD ARMOUR. "The best book Richard Armour has produced to date . . . loaded with warmth and good humor." — H. ALLEN SMITH. Now in its 2nd printing. $3.50

**THEY LAUGHED WHEN I SAT DOWN**
By FRANK ROWSOME, JR. From Lydia Pinkham to "pink toothbrush," here is the uninhibited history of American advertising, embellished with reproductions of hilarious old ads. $7.50

**FRANCE: A PORTRAIT IN COLOR**
Edited by DORE OGRIZEK. A joyful trip to la belle France, brimming with 250 sparkling water-colors, decorative maps, fine old prints and a fascinating text. $7.95

**EDISON**
A brilliant portrait by MATTHEW JOSEPHSON, author of *The Robber Barons*. "A first-rate job that needed doing. A well-presented, well-written biography about a giant without whom much of life as we live it would simply not exist." — *N. Y. Herald Tribune*. Illustrated. $6.95

**THE NOBLE GRAPES AND GREAT WINES OF FRANCE**
By ANDRE L. SIMON. A sumptuous, festive guide to famous French wines. 24 magnificent, full-color photographs. $9.95

Two great stocking-stuffers by JULES FEIFFER

**SICK, SICK, SICK**
135,000 copies sold! $1.50

**PASSIONELLA And Other Stories**
70,000 copies in print! $1.75

NOW AT YOUR BOOKSTORE **McGRAW-HILL** WORLD LEADER IN BOOK PUBLISHING

Rent a
**VICTOR BRITAIN**
car
*on business or holiday in Britain*

- Personal service
- Complimentary extras
- Free gasoline
- Self drive or chauffeur driven

**VICTOR BRITAIN**
THE CAR-HIRE SPECIALIST
*Berkeley Street, London, W. 1*
Telex: 2-3688 Cables: Autobritn London

**25% DISCOUNT ON ALL BOOKS**
(10% on Texts and Technical Books)
ANY BOOKS YOU CHOOSE
1. Deduct 25% from list price.
2. Add 20c per book for postage.
3. Send Check or Money Order.
N. Y. C. residents add 3% tax.
THRIFTY BOOK CLUB
206 W. 15th St. • NEW YORK 11, N.Y.


had slipped to certain announcers. Mr. Nathan presumably will not be fired.

And we must not overlook the radio-station management personnel who are now declaring themselves shocked at what they've been reading about in *The Billboard* and *Variety* for some time. Their involvement in payola actually began when they turned their stations into jukeboxes, allowing musically unlettered "personalities" to decide their programming, or, in other cases, letting record librarians determine which records would be broadcast on the basis of popularity charts in trade magazines, some of which are known to be as pliable as several of the disc jockeys. When the vice-president in charge of television at WNEW-TV fired Alan Freed, the self-styled "King of Rock 'n' Roll," he said that the decision has been "long in coming. We long ago wanted to control our own show."

That's a very noble sentiment, of course, but we find ourselves wondering who is going to control the controllers?

## One Step at a Time

More than one thousand delegates representing about a hundred church, civic, fraternal, and business organizations recently gathered together in Chicago for a First Community Congress. The meeting was called to find a way out of the housing impasse on the Southwest Side, which suffers from a severe case of jitters owing to the steady encroachment of a Negro ghetto into all-white middle-class neighborhoods. Citizens of the large cities will have no trouble recognizing what Chicago is up against.

"Chicago," the U.S. Civil Rights Commission has reported, "is a classic example of the kind of solid Negro concentration in over-crowded central slum areas that gives rise to the description 'ghetto.' Seventy-five per cent of the Negroes live in seven of the city's seventy-five neighborhood areas. In fact, all the evidence indicates that in terms of racial residential patterns, Chicago is the most segregated city of more than 500,000 [population] in the country."

The commission also noted that every week the city loses three hun-



PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

dred white residents to the suburbs and gains six hundred Negroes. As a result, the pressure on Southwest Side white neighborhoods has increased and campaigns to keep the Negroes out have been tinged with panic.

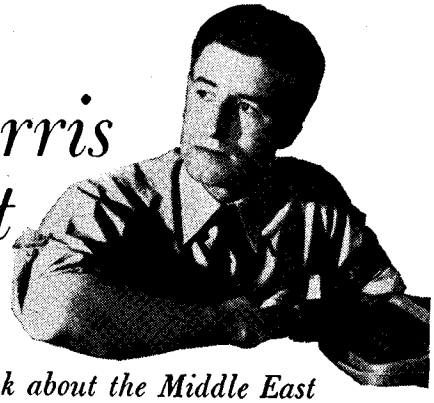
The solution proposed at the Chicago congress has been called "quota integration." It is the brainchild of a sociologist and community organizer, Saul D. Alinsky, who is convinced that anti-Negro "improvement associations" have shown themselves to be "ridiculously impractical" and that white house owners "are now willing to settle for something less than all-white neighborhoods." He has suggested that a "system of quotas involving a series of communities will be the means by which the segregation of races will be abolished. It will also be the means of preserving the life, continuity, and future development of our communities."

In general terms, it seems that "quota integration" would depend for its effectiveness on the joint operation of two community agencies, one within the predominantly white area, the other in the Negro area. These agencies would seek to plan and control the diffusion of whites and Negros in such a way that the mass exodus of whites could be avoided and a harmonious development substituted for the present "Blockbuster" process whereby one block at a time changes its character suddenly and completely.

Despite expected opposition to the plan from interests on both sides and personal attacks on Alinsky which evidently convinced him that it was strategic to divorce himself publicly from the project, the congress registered some progress. The delegates agreed on setting up a staff headquarters and organizational machinery "to promote the well-being of the community and its people, without regard to race, religion or national origin." They took a first step toward arranging more liberal home financing through liaison with local bankers, a gesture of particular interest to the handful of Negro delegates.

It is too early to tell what will come of this First Community Congress. That it was held at all,

an
olive won't
but
TRIBUNO will*
EXTRA DRY
for MARTINIS
TRIBUNO
VERMOUTH
DRY
FOR PERFECT
DRY MARTINIS
*. . . make the perfect martini because it's the vermouth made extra dry to satisfy the Martini-wise.
And for manhattans use Tribuno Sweet Vermouth (or Extra Dry for dry manhattan devotees.)
"21" Brands, Inc. N. Y. C. • Sole agents in the U.S.A.



"James Morris has done it again"*

*with a splendid new book about the Middle East*

* "I still stand abashed before the classic quality of Morris' last book, *Sultan in Oman*, and now he's done it again . . . the same radiant language and wondrous imagery—and winning the same happy applause. A far more memorable portrait of the Hashemite era than any hitherto drawn." — *Hal Lehrman*, N. Y. HERALD TRIBUNE BOOK REVIEW

"A polished study of the manic Middle East." — THE NEW YORKER

"A most entertaining account . . . it can be recommended unreservedly for the general reader. Morris is a brilliant correspondent with first-hand knowledge of the Middle East."
— *Walter Lacqueur*, N. Y. TIMES BOOK REVIEW

"Worthy of the best contemporary historical writing."
— LOS ANGELES TIMES

THE
**HASHEMITE KINGS**

By JAMES MORRIS
28 photographs • $4.50, now at your bookstore
PANTHEON




PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

# SO FRIGHTENED AND PATHETIC— HOLDING A PIECE OF A DOLL

This is Elena, Italian, age 3½. Her father is dead. Her mother, ill and worn cannot find work. With her own tired hands and with old pieces of wood and tin, she put together a pitiful shack. You can imagine how bitter cold it is in winter. Last year, Elena, trying to warm herself at their brazier went too close and fell in, painfully carbonizing her little left hand. Her mother writes: "She cried so very much that I promised myself that for the coming year my child would have warm clothes and a doll. Where can I find such things for my little one? How can I protect her and help her?" Won't you help little Elena or a child like her? Your help today means their hope for tomorrow.

You alone, or as a member of a group, can help these children by becoming a Foster Parent. You will be sent the case history and photograph of "your child" upon receipt of application with initial payment. "Your child" is told that you are his or her Foster Parent. At once the child is touched by love and a sense of belonging. All correspondence is through our office, and is translated and encouraged. We do no mass relief. Each child, treated as an individual, receives a monthly cash grant of eight dollars plus food, clothing, shelter, education and medical care according to his or her needs. Won't you let some child love you?

Plan is a non-political, non-profit, non-sectarian, government-approved, independent relief organization, helping children, wherever the need in France, Belgium, Italy, Greece, Korea, Viet Nam and Hong Kong—and is registered under No. VFA 019 with the Advisory Committee on Voluntary Foreign Aid of the United States Government and is filed with the National Information Bureau in New York City. Your help is vital to a child struggling for life.

© 1959 FPP, Inc.

**Foster Parents' Plan, Inc.**

**352 FOURTH AVENUE, NEW YORK 10, N. Y. • FOUNDED 1937**

PARTIAL LIST OF SPONSORS AND FOSTER PARENTS

Mary Pickford
Mr. and Mrs. Robert W. Sarnoff
Dr. John Haynes Holmes
C. D. Jackson
Helen Hayes
Dr. Howard A. Rusk
Edward R. Murrow
Bing Crosby
K. C. Gifford
Gov. and Mrs. Walter Kohler
Charles R. Hook
Steve Allen
Garry Moore

FOSTER PARENTS' PLAN, INC. R-12-10-59
352 Fourth Avenue, New York 10, N. Y.
In Canada: P. O. Box 65, Sta. B., Montreal, Que.

A. I wish to become a Foster Parent of a needy child for one year. If possible, sex....., age....., nationality.....
I will pay $15 a month for one year ($180). Payment will be made monthly ( ), quarterly ( ), semi-annually ( ), yearly ( ).
I enclose herewith my first payment $.....

B. I cannot "adopt" a child, but I would like to help a child by contributing $.....

Name .....

Address .....

City..... Zone..... State.....

Date..... Contributions are deductible from Income Tax.


represents at least one hopeful sign for community progress in this country.

## These Things Were Said

¶ The word "communism" in the title of a book apparently was enough to have the book removed recently from a list which organizations are being asked to purchase for a new regional high school. The book "What is Communism?" by Richard Ketchum was published four years ago. It is on the approved list for high school students issued by the American Library Association. School superintendent Philip Kelly said he removed the title from the list submitted to PTA groups, the Lions Club, the Grange and individuals because the title might sound provocative. "I didn't want to jeopardize our attempts to get a school library," he said.—*Associated Press report.*

¶ Women should be cherished, respected and shielded from unpleasant things—such as voting.—*Abdol Hossein Hamzavi, Iranian delegate to the United Nations.*

¶ A conference to develop issues for the Democratic Party will be held in January by the Democratic Forum. The discussion group said today that former Governor Harriman, State Controller Levitt and Mayor Wagner probably will be among those invited to join conference panels of from ten to twelve members each, dealing with specific problems . . . "Our purpose is to fill the present vacuum of ideas," said former Deputy Mayor Stanley Lowell, one of the two co-chairmen of the Forum. "We want to pioneer in metropolitan politics, that is, in issues affecting both New York City and suburbs," added the other co-chairman, Marion K. Sanders, former Democratic vice chairman of Rockland County. The Forum has now been in existence for a year without taking action on anything.—*Report in the New York Post.*

¶ Eisenhower speech writers are having trouble with two talks the President will deliver in India. Ike wants to say something dramatic. But advisers can't think of anything he might propose in the economic field which would not cost big money.—*Report in the Scripps Howard press.*



PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

# CORRESPONDENCE

## 'A FAIR SHARE'

**To the Editor:** I must protest against the misleading statements about "The Farmer in the Till" made by William O'Hallaren in "A Fair Share for the Cities" (*The Reporter*, November 12).

He should know that out of the price for a loaf of bread the farmer gets 3¢. For that dozen eggs he buys in the city, the farmer gets on an average 20¢ to 25¢ per dozen. For the quart of milk he buys, the farmer's share is but 6¢. Hogs right now sell at 12¢ a pound, out of which the farmer gets perhaps 10½¢ after he pays for the transportation to the slaughterhouse. Rather than being subsidized by the city folks, the farmer actually subsidizes the laborers who process the food, the profiteers and racketeers who handle it, and the pot-bellied peddlers who finally foist their overpriced products onto the public.

The "$5.9 billion from the Federal Treasury" Mr. O'Hallaren talks about includes remuneration for Mr. Benson's unnecessary employees, the cost of the U.S. food relief program for foreign countries, the cost of our school-lunch program, which primarily benefits our city population, payments to processors, slaughtering houses, etc., *ad infinitum* and *ad nauseam*. The percentage paid out to the farmers is infinitely small and even then does not go to the farmers in its entirety but primarily to the large corporations engaged in "farming" tens of thousands of acres with the help of wetbacks imported by Mr. Benson's friends. The real family farmer, the backbone of the United States, and without whom Mr. O'Hallaren would not have his morning bacon and eggs, gets nothing but the blame for the expenditure.

ERIC LUNDBERG
Barren, Wisconsin

**To the Editor:** Mr. O'Hallaren's article is excellent. We in the National Capital as well as in other cities resent comments that come from various sources that cities are seeking Federal handouts and that they are failing to come up with the full local share of the cost of Federally aided urban projects. We know that a very small part of the urban tax dollar which goes into the Federal Treasury through the income tax and other routes comes back to cities. Most of it is used for defense programs, farm programs, and other nonurban Federal programs. The result is that a relatively small portion of our gross national product is the result of strictly urban expenditures. The result of this is that our urban capital plant is deteriorating at an alarming rate. This means that our existing housing and utilities, our schools, streets, bridges, transportation systems, and other elements of a municipal plant, are just not keeping pace with the demands of rapidly growing urban populations and mid-twentieth-century technology.

It is shocking to think that we are being judged by the rest of the world to some extent as they see the physical and visual appearance of our cities as a measure of the physical well-being of which we are so proud. The urban-oriented Congress which Mr. O'Hallaren predicts will have a will to do something about the national urban problem is long overdue.

JOHN R. SEARLES, JR.
Executive Director
District of Columbia
Redevelopment Land Agency
Washington

**To the Editor:** Just changing representation from rural to urban sectors isn't going to solve the problem. If the rural people do not demand a fair share of the national income for the cities and the city people do not demand a fair share of the national income for the farmers, our common plight will get worse instead of better. We merely represent two sides of the same coin.

MRS. GEORGE EVANS
Doyon, North Dakota

## WHERE THE LABEL BELONGS

**To the Editor:** Douglass Cater says in "The Lonely Men on Capitol Hill" (*The Reporter*, October 15): "The Democrats


*• Here are some of the reasons why you will want to read this newspaper that is known and quoted throughout the world.*

# MANCHESTER GUARDIAN

**• EDITORIAL COMMENT**

The editorials of the Manchester Guardian have received wide acclaim for the clarity and shrewdness of their analysis of world affairs. The challenging insights expressed in these columns influence as well as define the significant issues of the day.

**• WORLD NEWS**

Written by Manchester Guardian men in all parts of the world, the news reports offer a precise and vivid record of today's events. You will find particularly interesting, for example, James Morris' accounts of the complex Arab world, and Taya-Zinkin's gross roots reporting of Indian life.

**• AMERICAN REPORTING**

How does the rest of the world regard America? Max Freedman in Washington and Alistair Cooke in New York reveal with wit and penetration their unusual insights into American life.

**• INFORMATIVE ARTICLES**

Articles remarkable for their selectivity and scope offer deeper knowledge and understanding of world affairs. For example, read: "Over-Clever Tactics at the U.N.," "The Supreme Court at Work," "New Directions in Poland," "The Church in America," "The Vogue of the Twenties."

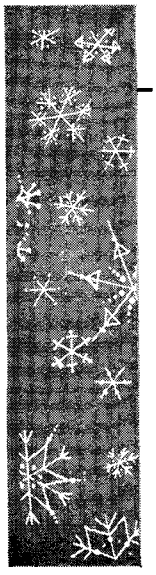
**• REVIEWS**

Astute, discriminating commentaries on all fields of the fine arts, plus marginal notes on London and the lighter side of life afford delightful and provocative reading.

**• WIT AND PROVOCATION**

Most notable, perhaps, is the consistent liveliness and stimulation both in the style and content of writing that is found in every section of the Manchester Guardian Weekly. This edition is flown overnight every week from England and mailed to you in the U.S.

*A Perfect Christmas Gift*



MANCHESTER GUARDIAN, Dept. 82 ☐ 1 year, $8.
20 East 53rd Street, New York 22, N. Y.

Please enter my (gift) subscription(s) to the Manchester Guardian Weekly Air Edition, as checked. An attractive Christmas Card will be sent in your name to each person receiving a gift subscription.

NAME.....
ADDRESS.....
CITY.....ZONE.....STATE.....

Send the following gift subscriptions to:

NAME.....
ADDRESS.....
CITY.....ZONE.....STATE.....

Please use a separate sheet for your additional gift subscriptions.




PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Moscow • Peking • Warsaw • Prague • Paris • Frankfurt • Stockholm
Cairo • Belgrade • Tokyo • Buenos Aires • London • Delhi • New York

# ONE DAY IN THE WORLD'S PRESS

FOURTEEN GREAT NEWSPAPERS ON A DAY OF CRISIS

Edited, with an Introduction and Commentary by WILBUR SCHRAMM

Translation of complete newspapers, in their original formats with headlines, local news, and advertisements, for one day during the Hungarian and Suez incidents. This exciting book furnishes a unique picture of the prestige press of the world, tells how the various papers are controlled, what kind of news is printed and what is not. Facsimile reproductions. Large atlas size, $6.95

## ATOMIC ENERGY IN THE SOVIET UNION

*Arnold Kramish.* In a study comparable to the U.S. Smyth report, the history, present scope, and future possibilities of Soviet nuclear research and development are presented in compact, readable, and comprehensive form for the first time. Many facts will be startling to the general reader and the scientist alike. $4.75

## GERMANY REJOINS THE POWERS

*Karl W. Deutsch and Lewis J. Edinger.* Mass Opinion, Interest Groups, and Elites in Contemporary German Foreign Policy. This timely book provides a fuller understanding of one of the most explosive problems in the present world situation—Germany's relations with the Communist and the Western powers. $6.50

## MARXISM IN SOUTHEAST ASIA

*Edited by Frank N. Trager.* A Study of Four Countries. An examination of the nature and development of Marxism in Southeast Asia as a whole, and its relationship to indigenous ideologies, political patterns, and economic activities in Burma, Thailand, Viet Nam, and Indonesia. $7.50

*Order from your bookstore, please*

STANFORD UNIVERSITY PRESS

have simply not demonstrated, except in isolated and sometimes irrelevant instances, any basic disagreement with the President's program." I wish Mr. Cater would tell this to the President, who has vetoed necessary social legislation (backed by large Democratic majorities) with the regularity of a conditioned reflex.

Naturally many Democrats here in the Midwest as well as Mr. Cater's "Northern" liberals wish that Congress had pushed through a more progressive program. But this in no way constitutes an endorsement of Republican National Chairman Thruston Morton's attempt to transfer the "won't do" label from the President to Congress. The President is stuck with it.

GOVERNOR G. MENNEN WILLIAMS
Lansing, Michigan

### CALIFORNIA REPLIES

**To the Editor:** Criticism is good for any political organization, and Seyom Brown's article "Fun Can Be Politics" (*The Reporter*, November 12) will stimulate some healthy discussion within the California Democratic Council. But one Democratic club's debate over a social event apparently convinced him that all the entire CDC deserved was a superficial treatment. Thus he completely ignored a development which came out of CDC's last convention concerning which the *Christian Science Monitor* said: "This convention was extraordinary. It was unique. It was probably the first large political meeting of its kind ever held in this country in our time."

This "extraordinary" meeting was CDC's first state-wide Issues Conference. It grew out of the feeling among CDC leaders that the level of political discourse in California could be significantly raised if the clubs made an intensive study of the major issues of public policy. Experts from universities, government, and private organizations were brought to Fresno and heard in a series of seminars attended by approximately 3,500 club members. Detailed research papers prepared by the Young Democrats on such subjects as water, rapid transit, foreign policy, and migrant labor sold out the first day.

Mr. Brown may be correct when he says that the basis of CDC is leisure, but I think he is quite mistaken when he implies that its main purpose is entertainment. Most club members do get a kick out of politics, but for reasons more subtle than Mr. Brown was able to discern in the debate over an outing. As a long-time club member and delegate to two CDC conventions, I hold the view that the most significant thing about the organization is the practical techniques it has devised to implement the notion that in a democracy politics must be an educational process, and voters and politicians have a responsibility to be informed.

MARSHALL WINDMILLER
Berkeley, California



PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

**To the Editor:** Mr. Brown seems to find it worth his amused contempt that club people are less parochial than Californians, and particularly southern Californians, are wont to be—that they are interested in wheat loans to India, for instance. He also mentions loyalty oaths, but he does not seem happy that thousands of Californians are willing to fight against loyalty oaths—a position that puzzles me. It puzzles me as much as his overlooking the facts that club people completely overturned the Los Angeles Board of Education a couple of years back, nearly did it again last year, are in the forefront of air-pollution battles, and are the strongest white voices clamoring against racial discrimination not only in Arkansas but in Los Angeles. What the hell does Mr. Brown want from these people, anyway?

Stevenson is no more the clubs' "hero" than Seyom Brown is; if he were, they would be setting a tremendous clamor for his renomination in 1960, and they aren't. They like him, sure—but they think he was unnecessarily weak on civil rights in 1956, and they don't like candidates who compromise on principles. This is bad? Mr. Brown paints club people as shocked and taken aback by an address by Chester Bowles earlier this year, because of Mr. Bowles's realism (I guess he meant realism). I suggest that your Mr. Brown poll a representative sample of California people with this question: "Electability or probability of nomination aside, who would you *really* like to see run for President next year as a Democrat?" I may be wrong in my opinion that Bowles would lead the list, but he'd be among the first three.

And he'd be ahead of Pat Brown, which brings me to the last point. The "Brown for President boom" that your author heard was scarcely audible to anybody else, but there was an oft-heard argument that went like this: Brown has long had a reputation among thoughtful Californians as a rather banal man who would always play it safe, never stick his neck out. During his campaign for governor, he suddenly came out swinging, and the picture of a fighter was created. During his first months as governor, particularly during the legislative session, he maintained the picture, and in surveying a generally unsatisfactory list of potential candidates for President, a lot of people could be heard to say that Brown was at least no worse than most. In recent months Brown—perhaps bitten by Whitehouseitis—has pulled in his neck a little, and there is wide disillusionment in the club movement. To go into the subject even this far, however, takes a little knowledge and a little analysis. Your Mr. Brown, having apparently none of the first and no talent for the second, prefers to make a slick metaphor equating the club people with Los Angeles' frenetic baseball rooters.

GENE MARINE
Los Angeles

MOËT

*The Great Champagne of France*

From the fabulous fifteen mile cellars
of Moet & Chandon, Epernay.
Dom Perignon, also by Moet & Chandon,
is available in limited quantities.

Schieffelin & Co., New York, N.Y. • Importers since 1794

**TOO BUSY**

**to give up a few hours a year for a health checkup?**

**Your best cancer insurance is a thorough checkup every year, and alertness to Cancer's 7 Danger Signals.**

**Learn how to guard yourself against cancer. Write to "Cancer" in care of your local post office, or call your nearest office of...**

**American Cancer Society**

**THE YELLOW WIND**

**WILLIAM STEVENSON**

"A truly eloquent appeal against regimentation which will give the reader all he wants to know about what the very tolerant and thoughtful William Stevenson got out of three years in Red China . . . Not only the most readable book on Red China that has yet been written, but as well informed as the best and singularly fair and just." *New York Herald Tribune*

$6.00 at all bookstores

Houghton Mifflin Company




PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"At last I have found it!"
"Such rare pleasure is worth the seeking. For to me, this is the perfect Scotch!"
THE ANTIQUARIAN

THE "ANTIQUARY"
DE LUXE SCOTCH WHISKY
86.8 PF. CARILLON IMPORTERS, LTD., N. Y. C. 19

JEAN GIRAUDOUX
His Life and Works
by Laurent LeSage
A comprehensive critical portrait of the soldier - diplomat - author whose "The Madwoman of Chaillot" and other plays have established him as the leading French dramatist of the 20th century.
$5.00
THE PENNSYLVANIA STATE UNIVERSITY PRESS
University Park, Pa.

TOWARD GETTYSBURG
A Biography of General John F. Reynolds
by Edward J. Nichols
A Civil War Book Club Selection
"Gettysburg was his battle; he brought it on and his spirit still dominated those bloody slopes when the ordeal ended . . . . a model of its kind." — New York Times.
$6.00
THE PENNSYLVANIA STATE UNIVERSITY PRESS
University Park, Pa.

# WHO— WHAT— WHY—

THE MANY SUMMIT MEETINGS being scheduled during the coming months at both the international and the domestic levels are much more than mere rituals, although they are all bound to exert a strong influence on that most ritualistic of all political events—the election of a U.S. President. In his editorial **Max Ascoli** continues his analysis of the great deadlines that lie before us at the various summits where all the crucial interrelated problems that affect both our own nation and the international community will have to be tackled.

American trade with the rest of the world was so overwhelmingly favorable for so many years that the "dollar shortage" suffered by other countries seemed to take on the character of an international institution. But as with many other institutions, the facts of life have passed it by and now the United States must cope with a deficit in its balance of payments. The reasons for this deficit and its implications for American policy are examined by **Richard N. Gardner,** associate professor at Columbia Law School and author of an authoritative study, *Sterling-Dollar Diplomacy,* published by the Oxford University Press in 1956. Having stated the problem, Professor Gardner is now preparing a second article on ways and means of dealing with it.

**Edmond Taylor,** our regular correspondent in Paris, reports on the emergence of General de Gaulle as the outstanding leader of Continental Europe. . . . The tribulations of Prime Minister Nehru and his Defense Minister Krishna Menon in the face of Communist China's threat to India's traditional borders are reviewed by **Taya Zinkin,** correspondent in India for the Manchester *Guardian* and other European publications. . . . **Tom Hopkinson** is editor of the magazine *Drum,* published in Johannesburg. . . . Having in previous issues appraised two of the outstanding Presidential candidates ("Who Is Nixon, What Is He?," November 27, 1958, and "What Makes Humphrey Run?," March 5, 1959), our Washington Editor **Douglass Cater** turns his attention to the current front runner in the Democratic race, Senator John F. Kennedy.

A REGULAR CONTRIBUTOR to our Views and Reviews section, **Nat Hentoff** is also a contributing editor of the *HiFi Review.* . . . **Lawrence S. Hall** is a member of the Department of English at Bowdoin College in Maine, where his remarks on the Van Doren case were originally prepared as a talk at morning chapel services. . . . Salvatore Quasimodo, the Italian poet who was virtually unknown outside Italy before he was awarded this year's Nobel Prize in literature, is brought into the light by **Sidney Alexander,** who has been living in Italy working on a sequel to his historical novel, *Michelangelo the Florentine,* which appeared in 1957. . . . Playwright **Gore Vidal** is our dramatic critic this season. . . . **Roland Gelatt,** editor of *High Fidelity,* reviews current record releases regularly for *The Reporter.* . . . **Shirley Jackson** knows whereof she speaks about children's books; her own four youngsters gave her the material for *Raising Demons,* just republished as a paperback. Her latest novel to frighten the adult world is *The Haunting of Hill House.* . . . We are delighted to welcome back to active service our Mediterranean correspondent, **Claire Sterling,** who has been recovering from a long siege of tropical illness contracted in Algeria in the line of duty on an assignment for *The Reporter.* . . . **John Kenneth Galbraith** is Paul M. Warburg professor of economics at Harvard. . . . Associate Editor **Gouverneur Paulding** recently translated—in collaboration with his wife, Virgilia Peterson—the book *Image of America* by R. L. Bruckberger. . . . **Michael Harrington,** a contributor to *Commonweal* and other magazines, makes his debut in *The Reporter* in this issue.

The cover painting of the New York Stock Exchange is by **Fred Zimmer.**



PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

# THE REPORTER
THE MAGAZINE OF FACTS AND IDEAS

MAX ASCOLI, *Editor-in-Chief and Publisher*

*Executive Editor*, Philip Horton • *Managing Editor*, Robert Bingham
*Associate Editors:* Gouverneur Paulding, Theodore Draper
*Washington Editor*, Douglass Cater • *Contributing Editor*, Robert Bendiner
*Art Director*, Reg Massie • *Copy Editor*, Derek Morgan
*Staff Writers:* Claire Sterling, Marya Mannes, Paul Jacobs, Edmond Taylor
*Assistant to the Managing Editor*, Louisa Messolonghites • *Librarian*, Ruth Ames

*General Manager*, John J. Borghi
*Circulation Manager*, George Hinckley • *Director of Advertising*, Harry R. Davis
*Director of Promotion*, Shirley Katzander • *Production Manager*, Ann Hollyday Sharp

**VOLUME 21. NO. 10** **DECEMBER 10, 1959**



THE REPORTER'S NOTES . . . . . 4

**Agenda for 1960**

LET'S PRETEND—AN EDITORIAL . . . . . *Max Ascoli* 14

WHAT AILS THE DOLLAR? . . . . . *Richard N. Gardner* 16

**At Home & Abroad**

DE GAULLE'S BREAKTHROUGH . . . . . *Edmond Taylor* 19

PRESSURES ON NEHRU . . . . . *Taya Zinkin* 22

THE BIRTH OF 'KING KONG' . . . . . *Tom Hopkinson* 25

THE COOL EYE OF JOHN F. KENNEDY . . . . . *Douglass Cater* 27

**Views & Reviews**

WHY THE REBBE DIDN'T DANCE . . . . . *Nat Hentoff* 32

EYELESS IN WONDERLAND . . . . . *Lawrence S. Hall* 35

WHO IS QUASIMODO? . . . . . *Sidney Alexander* 37

*Theater:* THE COUCH IN THE SHRINE . . . . . *Gore Vidal* 39

RECORD NOTES . . . . . *Roland Gelatt* 40

*Books:*

THE LOST KINGDOM OF OZ . . . . . *Shirley Jackson* 42

MISSIONARY IN SICILY . . . . . *Claire Sterling* 43

THE HIGH-LEVEL CLICHE . . . . . *John Kenneth Galbraith* 45

THE LION'S WIFE . . . . . *Gouverneur Paulding* 47

A GHOSTLY GIGGLE . . . . . *Michael Harrington* 48



Editorial and Business Offices:
660 Madison Avenue, New York 21, N. Y.



Manuscripts or artwork submitted to The Reporter should be accompanied by addressed envelope and return postage. The publisher assumes no responsibility for the return of unsolicited manuscripts or artwork.



A BORZOI BOOK

"A really first-rate account of the bedeviling goodness of contemporary organization life... a perceptive essay on the subtle agonies so many Americans sense today but rarely articulate."

—WILLIAM H. WHYTE,
author of *The Organization Man*

**LIFE IN THE CRYSTAL PALACE**

**by ALAN HARRINGTON**

What is it like to spend your days, your years, and perhaps your entire lifetime as an employee of one of America's great corporations? Alan Harrington describes the organization's impact on his own life and on the lives of his associates in the offices of a business colossus.

"First-rate: about the most balanced and perceptive—*and* poetic—examination of the organization state that I've read."
—MARYA MANNES

"As terrifying as Orwell's *1984* and equally interesting."
—J. DONALD ADAMS

"Fascinating... its maverick iconoclasm is firmly based on a very rare and valuable thing: deep, soul-searching, original thinking." —A. C. SPECTORSKY

*At most bookstores* • *$4.50*

**ALFRED A. KNOPF**
*Publisher*



PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

# Let's Pretend

THE SUMMIT or top-level meetings that will take place in the next few months will dramatize irrepressible issues lying in wait for the next President of the United States and mark the agenda of the exceedingly pressing decisions that will demand his most sustained attention. During most of his tenure of office, the President's disinclination to use his powers has not slowed their growth.

It has been announced that General Eisenhower will soon convene a top-level conference of industrial and union leaders to consider ways of establishing steady relationships between management and labor. Similar initiatives taken in the past by the White House have turned out to be utterly unproductive. This time it is not likely that a tired President, nearing the end of his term of office, will succeed where Woodrow Wilson and Harry Truman failed. Yet the private governments of industry and of labor must have their independence and their responsibilities defined and must learn to respect on specific occasions the superior authority of the Federal government so that the economic resources of our nation can be saved from wanton waste.

There is a pathetic quality in the frantic use the President is now making of a prestige he has, in more than one way, dissipated—particularly abroad. He has undertaken a grand tour of a world in which he has failed to make felt the impact of his office and of his reputation, for he still wants to try out the magic of his glow before, with the end of his term, it fades away. Yet irrespective of what has prompted the President to go to several summits and visit so many foreign capitals, we should be grateful to him. His successor will have to go to many summits over and over again; and, at home, will have to convene quite a number of top-level meetings if the freedoms and the responsibilities of the major institutions of public and private governments are to be harmonized.

Above all, we should be grateful to the President, for, wherever he goes, whatever issue he has to face, he offers us criteria for judging the ambitious men eager to succeed him. How would these characters stand up to Khrushchev, and what policies—if any—have they for dealing with him? What is there in their record to indicate how they could confront the present leader of Continental Europe, Charles de Gaulle? In tackling such excruciatingly difficult issues as the balance of payments and the inadequate growth of national production, how can the would-be Presidents find ways to respect the rights of capital and of labor, while upholding and reasserting the superior rights of the Federal government?

Our Chief Executive is now engaged in a three-ring performance: East-West, inter-Allied, and domestic. What happens in one ring has a profound impact on what happens in the others. So, for instance, the old maniacal concentration on a balanced budget and the new one on the balance of payments may weaken our alliance together with our capacity to stand firm against Soviet Russia. The spirit of Camp David, the chumminess between Khrushchev and the Eisenhowers, young and old, has sent more than a shiver down the spines of some of the NATO statesmen, and has not contributed to dispel the illusion among the leaders of capital and labor that a prosperous, relaxed nation can well afford protracted strikes.

The tests the President has been undergoing make it possible to be far more definite and far more demanding in judging the daring men who would not mind taking up residence in the White House. Thus a Chief Executive who has never been accused of overactivity is setting the standards by which his would-be successors must now conduct themselves.

It is exactly for these reasons that the Presidential campaign is of unprecedented importance. Even before the elections the attitude of the leading candidates in facing the basic domestic and foreign issues can greatly contribute to compensate for the frenzied aimlessness of the administration. Things will not stand still, either at home or abroad, waiting more than a year for a new administration to be duly inaugurated and broken in. There is no evidence that the men in the Kremlin have decided to take a long holiday. Nor, for that matter, is there any such inclination in the alliance, which has not been strengthened lately by our leadership or initiative.



PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

To be sure, all the avowed or unavowed candidates are wholeheartedly for peace. If by this it is meant that they are against war, then there cannot be much competition among them. Khrushchev, too, says that he is against war, and probably he means it. But the Presidential candidates must make clear what kind of peace they want. It cannot be just a peace-at-large for all men of good will to be invoked on Christmas Day. The candidates must be unambiguous in defining the measure of peace, or the steps toward peace, that they think can be negotiated with the Russians in the forthcoming summit conference and in the long round of meetings thereafter.

**The Acheson Heresy**

On this score some disturbing things have been happening lately. There seems to have been considerable commotion among Democrats who fear that men of their own party may give the peace issue away to the Republicans. Recently Dean Acheson, in a talk to NATO legislators in Washington, has said things that have given a chilly feeling to Democratic strategists. A number of editorial writers and columnists who can scarcely be called Democrats also seem to have been shocked by what Mr. Acheson had to say, and by the way he said it, for it seems to be somewhat indelicate that a man who is no longer Secretary of State should speak with a decisiveness and a cogency supported only by his intelligence.

Dean Acheson spoke against negotiations with the Russians centered on the ground they have selected: Berlin. Khrushchev is after the NATO alliance and he has chosen Berlin as the spot where the alliance can be unhinged. "Berlin," Dean Acheson said, "stands out as both the symbol and the prelude of the collapse which Mr. Khrushchev hopes to bring about." The Berlin situation has been called "abnormal" by the President as well as by a large number of influential people. Should the Democratic politicians accept negotiation with the Russians to "normalize" the status of Berlin as the main step toward peace, and should a Democrat so inclined be elected next November, then the foreign policy of our country will be, to say the least, no better than the one that has been followed in the tortuous course of the present administration.

"You cannot run against peace," Democratic politicians are reported as saying. Does this mean peace on the ground the Russians have selected? One is reminded of the slogan that prevailed throughout the last Democratic campaign: "There is no mileage in foreign affairs." Or perhaps the time has come when the two slogans can be combined: "There is no mileage in running against Khrushchev."

Fortunately we have allies, and as has happened more than once during these tumultuous years since the end of the war, the allies have a way of following their own independent line and carrying us along. In fact, the idea that reduction of armaments can provide a better way to limit the risk of war than negotiation over contested territories has been a constantly reasserted belief of Konrad Adenauer. This is also the core of the Acheson heresy as expressed in his latest speech. General de Gaulle has repeatedly insisted on the same point. De Gaulle and Adenauer represent at present the strongest bundle of purposeful, clear-sighted will within the alliance. At the summit de Gaulle will represent his partner, Adenauer. It is conceivable that the French president might resurrect an old proposal that the German chancellor has passionately advocated in the past: a nonaggression pact between Western Europe and the nations of the Warsaw Pact. Certainly de Gaulle will have long conversations with Khrushchev before the summit meeting, and probably the two men already have decided what they are going to talk about.

It is not likely that there will be much of a Camp David spirit in France. De Gaulle has always been against any retreat from Berlin. He is also known to have unconventional ideas about Russia, and about the role Europe can play between the United States and the Soviet Union—a Europe firmly linked to the most powerful nation of the West, yet independent of it. Some of his designs, if carried through, may shock us. But de Gaulle has never made a mystery of the fact that he is a loyal ally whose first and last devotion is to France. Now, because of his bond with Germany, he can stand up well against Khrushchev, drawing to the fullest upon the superior strength of his character and of his mind. He may even succeed in convincing Khrushchev that it is more convenient for his nation to have Germany tied by a system of Continental and Atlantic alliances, rather than regaining a savage independence. One can be sure that Khrushchev will get away with less in France than he did over here.

ARE OUR CANDIDATES—the brave, ambitious men from among whom will emerge the one destined to go to the next round of summit meetings at home and abroad—are they aware of the changes that are taking place in the relations between the nations of the West? Do they realize what it means for our country to have reached, and indeed overstepped, the limits of its capacity to give to others, thereby reducing in others the expectation to receive from us? There is no question that all these daring men are for peace and prosperity, but have they any conception of the long, long pull, of the tightening of belts that may be required for the sake of both?

So far, it is not easy to judge the candidates. But a useful let's-pretend game can be played: Let's pretend that each of them is the man who will represent our nation in the next summit circuit. It is a good game—good for us, the citizens, though not necessarily for them, the candidates.



PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

# What Ails the Dollar?

RICHARD N. GARDNER

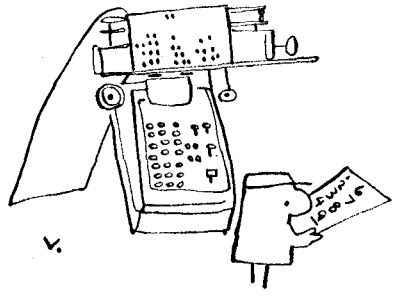
ECONOMIC THEORIES sometimes change as violently as the business cycle. In the past year or so there has occurred the most extraordinary revolution in thinking about the international payments problem. The clamorous complaint during the first postwar decade was the "dollar shortage"—the difficulty which the rest of the world encountered in acquiring enough dollars to pay for needed U.S. goods and services. Many experts, not content with explaining this difficulty as a natural aftermath of the war, saw a long-term imbalance in the world economy and accepted as inevitable a tendency for the United States to run persistent surpluses that drained the reserves of its trading partners.

As late as 1957 Geoffrey Crowther, former editor of the *Economist,* proudly reminded a Harvard audience that for twenty years he had preached the doctrine of "a permanent and organic shortage of dollars . . . the more time passes the more convinced do I become that I am right. . . . It is difficult to believe that there can ever have been another case of a country where the demand of the rest of the world for its products was so urgent and its demand for the products of the rest of the world so indifferent."

Now, only two years later, the pendulum has swung to the other extreme. Speaking for an impressive body of U.S. financial opinion, Henry C. Alexander, chairman of the Morgan Guaranty Trust Company, has warned that "we have gotten into a rut of deficit in our international payments." Secretary of the Treasury Robert B. Anderson believes that we are already in the midst of a crisis.

Mainly as the result of Anderson's leadership, the administration has embarked on an urgent review of our foreign economic and military programs. It has required that Development Loan Fund credits to less developed countries must normally be spent in the United States. It has extended the same "Buy American" requirements to some capital projects presently financed by the International Cooperation Administration. It has failed to ask for the increased foreign military-aid appropriations recommended by the Draper Committee which the President set up to study this question. It is weighing cuts in our armed forces abroad and in economic aid to less developed countries. It is under increasing pressure to place new restrictions on American imports.

Like most changes in economic theory and policy, this one has been set off by changes in current conditions. For the past two years the United States has incurred a large and troublesome balance-of-payments deficit. This excess of our payments abroad over our receipts ran to $3 billion in 1958 and will reach an estimated $4 billion in 1959. The consequences of the two-year deficit of $7 billion have been a $4-billion



increase in foreigners' holdings of dollars and a $3-billion reduction in U.S. holdings of gold.

These shifts are profoundly affecting our foreign economic, political, and military policies. Our payments problem will also increasingly influence our handling of such domestic questions as strikes, budget deficits, and interest rates.

We must, therefore, ask two basic questions: How serious is our balance-of-payments problem? What, if anything, should we do about it?

In assessing the seriousness of the problem, we can draw considerable assurance from the massive strength of our international reserve position. We are not, as some pessimistic extremists appear to think, about to "go broke." We still have $19 billion in gold reserves—about half of the free-world total. In relation to annual imports, our gold reserves tower far above those of most of the industrial countries (such as Britain) that have been gaining reserves at our expense. The recent redistribution of international reserves, therefore, has been, on the whole, a good thing.

Moreover, we have a net creditor position of over $1 billion in the International Monetary Fund and drawing rights in that institution of another $4 billion. We are far and away the world's biggest creditor, with a surplus of assets over liabilities of something like $40 billion. These assets include some $18 billion owed the United States by foreign governments and private direct investments abroad with a book value of $30 billion (the current market value is considerably higher). Our capacity to produce goods demanded in world markets remains unequaled and constitutes a most important second line of defense.

In view of these solid elements of strength, there is no reason for panic about our international position. But there is no cause for complacency either. Progress toward a sound foreign economic policy is jeopardized not only by those who have nightmares of national bankruptcy but also by those who see no problem at all.

### The Risk Ahead

As many businessmen have found to their sorrow, there is a great difference between solvency and liquidity—between a surplus of assets over liabilities on the balance sheet and the ability to pay off creditors' current claims. Our large payments deficits have not only reduced our gold stock to $19 billion from its 1948 high of $24 billion but have



PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

increased foreign holdings of dollars and short-term dollar liabilities to $16 billion. While this still leaves our gold reserves greater than our short-term liabilities, we cannot go on indefinitely losing gold and increasing our short-term liabilities.

Because of the requirement that $12 billion of our gold must be kept as backing for our currency, we would run a very substantial risk if we incurred deficits as large as those of 1958-1959 for more than another two or three years. We would expose ourselves to the danger of a collapse of foreign confidence in the dollar, a massive conversion by foreigners of dollars into gold, and the consequent necessity for a sudden and drastic trimming of U.S. foreign payments by curtailing imports, prohibiting private investment abroad, eliminating foreign aid, or liquidating our overseas military establishment.

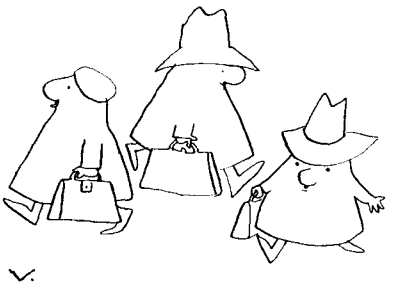
### From Gap to Glut

The seriousness of our international position depends on the likelihood that we shall continue to pile up deficits similar to those of 1958-1959. Clues to the future may perhaps be found in the recent past. In the postwar world, little notice has been given the fact that the over-all U.S. international account has operated at a deficit every year since 1950—except for 1957, when U.S. exports were swollen by the Suez crisis.

Why then did professional economists speak of a "dollar gap" during most of these years? In brief, because the United States continued to export more nonmilitary goods and services than it imported.

In the period 1953-1956, for example, this commercial surplus varied between $2 billion and $5 billion. The commercial surplus, to be sure, was overbalanced by increasing annual foreign payments of $6 to $8 billion—foreign economic aid (about $2 billion), spending for military forces overseas (about $3 billion), and private foreign investment ($1 billion to $3 billion). But the "dollar shortage" theorists and many others excluded foreign aid and overseas military spending in measuring the imbalance of world payments. In other words, they viewed the "dollar shortage" in terms of the U.S. commercial surplus minus U.S. foreign investment, on the grounds that overseas military expenditures were "temporary" and foreign aid was a "balancing item" to finance the U.S. surplus.

One of the reasons for the swing of opinion from "dollar gap" to "dollar glut" is the change in our definition of the problem. Today we



no longer exclude U.S. foreign aid and overseas military expenditures in measuring the imbalance in international accounts. Some time during the last few years we came to regard these as relatively permanent items in the balance of payments. We came to recognize that they represent the cost of programs undertaken to accelerate the growth and defense of the free world. With this recognition the problem changed from one of finding ways to pay for a troublesome U.S. commercial surplus to the more difficult one of generating a commercial surplus sufficiently large to pay for continuing programs of free-world growth and defense.

THE NEW PROBLEM was masked in 1957 by a Suez-bloated commercial surplus. But in 1958 our commercial surplus fell back to its $5-billion pre-Suez figure. At the same time, our total foreign payments stayed up at a record $8 billion, leaving a $3-billion payments deficit. This year, thanks to a decline in private foreign investment, our foreign payments have dropped by $1 billion to $7 billion. But our commercial surplus has dropped by $2 billion, leaving the present $4-billion deficit.

Short-term factors had much to do with these substantial deficits. One such factor was the recession and its aftermath. Since the United States recovered more rapidly than other countries, our demand for their products increased faster than their demand for ours. In addition, three big export items suffered a drop at the same time. An excessive export price, now reduced, held back cotton exports; temporary oversupply in Europe held back coal; the change-over from propeller to jet types held back civilian aircraft. The Department of Commerce now forecasts big increases in the exports of all three. Finally, the steel strike caused an abnormally high level of steel imports and an abnormally low level of steel exports in 1959. If not settled, the strike will cause a much more serious deterioration in our balance of payments by choking off trade in products made from steel.

Do these short-term factors explain all the 1958-1959 deficits? Probably not. Even on the highly optimistic assumption that growing prosperity abroad coupled with the pickup in temporarily depressed items like coal, cotton, and commercial aircraft will result in a $3-billion increase in American exports in 1960, we must still expect a $1-billion increase in American imports. The deficit would thus be cut to around $2 billion, a more manageable amount but still considerably higher than the small average deficits of the early 1950's.

### Revival of Competition

This calculation suggests that long-term factors are at work. According to one view, the United States has lost its capacity to compete—it has "priced itself out of world markets." This theory is supported by very scanty evidence. In recent years our cost of living has shown an unfortunate tendency to increase—but it has increased notably less than that of such industrial competitors as Britain, France, and Italy, and at about the same rate as that of Japan, Germany, and Belgium. To be sure, in certain specific commodities (e.g., some steel products, automobiles, and farm products under price supports) our prices may have risen more rapidly than prices in other countries. But there is no evidence of a substantial increase in our average export prices relative to the average export prices of our principal competitors.

If we are facing keener competition in world markets than a few years ago, price changes are not primarily responsible. Europe and Japan have markedly increased their



PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ability to produce and deliver goods at existing prices—goods of outstanding quality or new kinds of goods reflecting a capacity for innovation in anticipation of changing consumer demands. To a large extent their improved competitive position testifies to the striking success of the Marshall Plan and associated programs of world recovery.

We have promoted competition for our exports not only by our postwar recovery programs but through the establishment by American companies of branches and subsidiaries overseas. A decade ago our exports and the sales of goods by American-owned companies abroad were running at about the same level—$12 billion. Today our exports are up to $16 billion, but the sale of goods abroad by American-owned firms has skyrocketed to $30 billion. The trend is almost certain to continue as American firms seek to get inside developing customs unions like the European Common Market or to produce in low-wage countries for export to third countries. Although this flow of direct investment abroad is approximately balanced by the return flow of profits, it has held back the growth of our exports and has thus caused some net drain on our balance of payments.

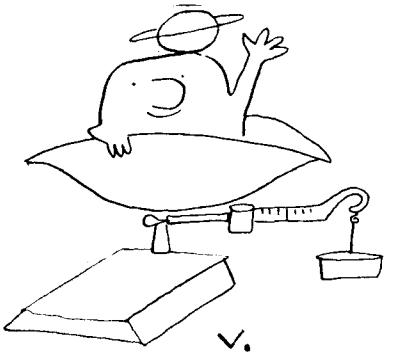
In view of our encouragement of foreign competition by foreign aid and investment, our export record is surprisingly good and testifies to the fundamental strength and resilience of our economy. The U.S. share in world exports remained remarkably stable in the years 1950 to 1958. Our share of world exports of manufactures did decline slightly during this period, but most of this loss can be ascribed to the recovery by Germany and Japan of their customary share of world markets. If Germany and Japan are excluded from the calculation, our share of world exports of manufactures during this period has remained almost perfectly stable.

Long-term factors have probably been operating on the side of imports at least as much as on the side of exports. Between 1954-1955 and 1958-1959, U.S. exports rose by one-sixth, U.S. imports by one-third. In 1959 alone imports rose by $2 billion. The growing capacity of our industrial competitors to deliver the goods certainly represents one factor in this increase. Besides, some shift in American consumer demand in favor of imports has probably resulted from higher income levels, greater sophistication in taste, and increased tourism and business travel. Our imports of consumer goods, mostly from Europe, total more than three times what they were a decade ago. Yet the shift in demand toward imports is still comparatively moderate. Even in 1959 imports will barely exceed three per cent of our gross national product—the share they have held with remarkable consistency over the last thirty years except during the war and immediate postwar period.

### A Period of Grace

To sum up: We have run into a problem of obtaining sufficient foreign receipts to finance our foreign expenditures. The era in which we could take for granted an inevitably favorable balance of payments has come to an end. From now on we must, like every other country of the world, weigh the consequences of our foreign and domestic policies on our international accounts.

We are not, however, in the midst of a crisis. We have a massive net creditor position and are sufficiently liquid to finance deficits like that of 1958-1959 for another two or three years. Since a large part of our recent



deficits has been caused by short-term factors now disappearing, the deficits should be automatically reduced by a substantial margin well within this period of grace. To the extent that the deficits have been caused by long-term factors, we shall be left at the end of this period with residual deficits, probably $1 billion to $2 billion annually.

So far there is no convincing evidence of long-term factors that would cause a larger chronic deficit. Thanks to our period of grace of two to three years, there is no justification *now* for drastic action based on the highly questionable assumption of much larger deficits. When the returns are in for the next two years, we will be in a better position to sort out the short- and long-term influences on our payments position and judge more accurately how much of the current deficit is likely to persist.

Meanwhile, what should we do? We must frame moderate policies to cope with the anticipated deficit of $1 billion to $2 billion. These measures must not involve a retreat from the obligations that world leadership has thrust upon us. Our foreign economic and military programs are aimed at assuring an adequate growth and security for the non-Communist world. These programs remain essential to our survival as a free people. Compelling reasons may exist for increasing or decreasing foreign aid and military expenditures, but we must find some way to solve our payments problem without emasculating these programs.

The events of the postwar years should warn us against assuming a permanent imbalance in world payments. Our tools for forecasting the balance of payments are even less adequate than our tools for forecasting domestic economic activity because there are so many more variables to be taken into account. Perhaps it is too much to expect that financial experts will refrain from theorizing, from seeing historical necessity in some current trends. But they deserve to be greeted with skepticism unless they can base their predictions on more solid evidence than now exists.

As Yale economist Robert Triffin recently told a Congressional committee: "We have certainly licked that famous, supposedly permanent and intractable dollar shortage which dominated for more than ten years economic thinking and policy, here and abroad. I only pray to God that none of my bright colleagues come up tomorrow with an opposite, and equally absurd, theory of a permanent and intractable dollar glut."



PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

# De Gaulle's Breakthrough

**EDMOND TAYLOR**

PARIS

SEVERAL TIMES during General de Gaulle's press conference on November 10, a muffled noise between a chuckle and a collective gasp disturbed the respectful hush that his personality, aided by the Second Empire chandeliers, the gilt chairs, and the faded Gobelins of the Elysée ballroom, usually imposes. It was noticeable, at least where I was sitting, when the general developed his views on Sino-Soviet relations—a thorny subject these days—and alluded to the unpopularity of Communist rule in Eastern Europe with a frankness that not long ago might have touched off a planetary uproar. But the murmur reached its crescendo when General de Gaulle blandly went on to announce that the Kremlin had accepted one of his major conditions for a summit conference—a ceremonial visit by Khrushchev—and to hint that he was expected to remain in France from March 15 to the end of the month. "This," a correspondent of the New York *Herald Tribune* tartly observed, "would make Mr. Khrushchev's visit to France slightly longer than his recent tour of the United States, a fact in keeping with General de Gaulle's view of France's role in the world."

Whatever the general's views about it, the circumstances and the date of Khrushchev's trip here undoubtedly mark a major breakthrough in de Gaulle's nineteen-year-old campaign to restore French *grandeur*. Among other benefits—from the French national viewpoint—its timing would almost certainly enable France to explode a test atom bomb in the Sahara and thus qualify as a member of the nuclear club, before the summit talks can begin. Since the announcement at the Elysée several new developments have confirmed and accentuated France's comeback as a world power. The recent visit to Paris of British Foreign Secretary Selwyn Lloyd was not merely to patch up some threadbare spots in the *entente cordiale* but to remove a chronic source of friction by making it clear Britain at last recognizes, as the London *Times* put it, that ". . . a greater belief in the destiny of France will not be out of place." Less publicized but fully as unmistakable evidence has come to light on the eve of the December NATO talks here that de Gaulle has provisionally established France's position as senior member of a solid partnership with West Germany and to some extent as spokesman for the Continental bloc within the western alliance. These have long been key objectives of Gaullist foreign policy.

While the economic and political bases for the present French diplomatic renascence are still a bit fragile—eventual failure to solve the Algerian problem could reverse the trend—it has already had some important consequences. Rightly or wrongly, many French observers believed that Washington and London might come to the summit offering Moscow at least *de facto* recognition of the East German Democratic Republic in return for a satisfactory settlement in Berlin. The same observers now feel that General de Gaulle has spiked this dubious Anglo-Saxon strategy, notably by forcing a postponement of the summit conference and by backing the demand of the smaller European members of NATO for a second high-level meeting of the North Atlantic Council in late winter or early spring to assure full inter-Allied consultation on the western summit position. More far-reaching implications of France's rising status—and of the uses to which General de Gaulle means to put it—will probably become apparent during the December meeting of the council and of the western Big Four here. The areas in which General de Gaulle is likely to seek particularly vigorous exploitation of his breakthrough are discussed below.

### Leadership in NATO

In his notes to Washington and London in September, 1958, General de Gaulle claimed a voice for France in formulating global western policy toward the Communist world and proposed formal procedures to that end. Since then he is said to have indicated willingness to associate



PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

West Germany in policymaking where purely European questions are concerned, and to waive formality in regard to the mechanics of consultation on the broader issues. Washington's hopes that the general might be satisfied with frequent high-level meetings and even more frequent exchanges of correspondence with President Eisenhower seem doomed, however; what the President wrote him about the Camp David talks was just enough, according to well-informed French sources, to produce a disastrous impression. There is good reason to believe that the French position today is not merely to demand more and fuller consultation from Washington and London but to insist on what the business daily newspaper *l'Information* recently called "total, absolute, unconditional equality" with its Anglo-Saxon partners in NATO. Theoretically, all NATO members have enjoyed complete equality since the beginning, but in practice it has hitherto been pretty widely accepted among the Continentals that the United States was considerably more equal than the rest.

". . . It is inescapable and unavoidable," Walter Lippmann wrote recently, "that in any question which is crucial to the defense of Europe, the last word, after all due consultation, must be with the United States. We have the ultimate military responsibility and as long as we have it, we cannot divest ourselves of the ultimate diplomatic responsibility."

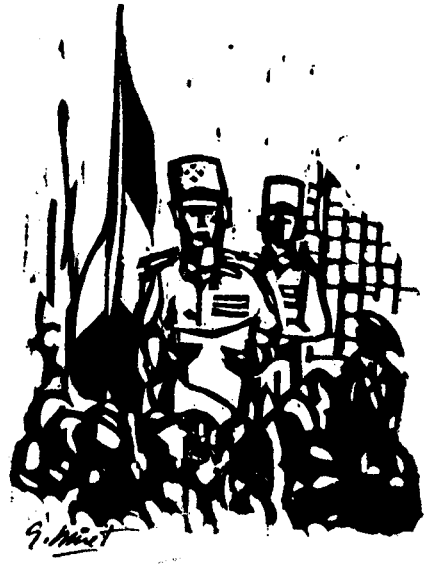
"If that reflects what your leaders think, they are due for a rude awakening when they talk to General de Gaulle in December," a wise French friend commented after I called the Lippmann article to his attention. "The general's theory has always been that France should have the last word on any question, particularly those involving French national interests. From now on I think France will have it."

### Integrated Western Defense

A talk that General de Gaulle gave at the French National War College a fortnight before his press conference indicates beyond doubt that he is planning early new assaults on the integrated NATO command structure, which has for years been his *bête noire.*

"The system which has been called 'integration' . . . has had its day," the general told a distinguished audience of staff officers and high French officials. "It is indispensable . . . that France defend herself by herself, for herself and in her own way."

General de Gaulle tempered the isolationist ring of his speech—the text of which was officially released some time after excerpts had been leaked to the press—by saying that it was "infinitely likely" France would have allies in any future war and by admitting that co-operation with them should be envisaged. NATO-minded French army officers and diplomats hope, without being sure, that General de Gaulle's apparent reversion to pre-1914 patterns of coalition warfare does not ex-



clude such modern features of SHAPE planning as integrated logistic, communications, and early-warning systems. There is also hope that the general may have been putting himself in an advantageous position on the eve of the NATO meeting to trade some concessions on "integration" against a larger voice for France in the top councils of the alliance and against stronger Allied support for the French position in Algeria.

A close reading of the third volume of General de Gaulle's memoirs, recently published here under the title *Le Salut* ("Salvation"), suggests, however, that western defense planners can no longer count on major French delegations of sovereignty even in logistic and technical fields, let alone of command. *Le Salut*—finished just before General de Gaulle returned to power and released for publication only after careful study of its implications as a basic policy document of the new French régime—is the most serene and philosophical, and at the same time the most warmly human, of the three volumes in the general's literary masterpiece. But it still reveals the indelible scars left on his mind by certain of the inter-Allied clashes in 1944 and 1945. The passages devoted to the painful and dramatic incidents of May, 1945, when French forces in Syria were compelled by a British ultimatum to abandon suppression of a nationalist rebellion, are particularly significant. As long as de Gaulle is alive it is improbable that he will accept any administrative, supply, or command arrangements that in the event of policy disagreements among the western allies could be utilized to curtail the freedom of movement of French military forces, especially those in the North African theater.

This, however, does not mean that de Gaulle is henceforth determined in all cases to go it alone. In NATO, as within "Little Europe," he is prepared to intensify inter-Allied cooperation at the governmental level and to accept the necessary bureaucratic machinery to this end—provided it never assumes supranational prerogatives. A clear indication of this is the prompt French acceptance of Britain's November proposal for upgrading and reactivating the hibernating seven-power Western European Union organization as a means of narrowing the psychological gap between Britain and the Continent, and of assuring closer co-ordination in the military, economic, and political fields.

### Nuclear Weapons

De Gaulle's War College talk, his press conference, and other recent developments have killed earlier hopes that France might be content with purely nominal membership in the "atomic club." France is not only determined to override widespread international opposition in order to fire a test A-bomb, as de Gaulle declared at his press conference, but also means to become a bona fide atomic power—unless there is general nuclear disarmament.

Subject to the same proviso, France



PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

intends to build up an independent intercontinental nuclear striking force. "Since France could be destroyed from any point in the world, our force must be ready to act anywhere on earth," said General de Gaulle.

France already possesses, it is believed, the seventy pounds or so of plutonium sufficient for one or two tests of a crude atomic bomb. By 1967 it will have built up a plutonium stockpile sufficient for one hundred bombs, and from 1965 on will also be capable of producing the more efficient U-235 models. In the near future their means of delivery will be limited to a few Mirage IV manned bombers having twice the speed of sound, but there is little doubt that during the next ten years France can develop at least IRBM and mixed plane-missile or submarine-missile systems like those on which America now relies heavily. The cost of the whole program would be enormous but probably not beyond the nation's means, and it might be substantially reduced by German help or by selling some of the nuclear weapons produced to other European countries—possibly Switzerland.

The modest but real French nuclear potential gives General de Gaulle a strong position in his forthcoming negotiations with western heads of government and later with Khrushchev. His feelings about military integration make it unlikely that he would accept tentative British proposals for some form of European deterrent pool relying largely on British technology and involving supranational control. He might, however, accept contractual limitations on the development of an independent French deterrent if he could buy reasonable numbers of missiles and nuclear warheads from one of his allies, without too many conditions imposed on their use.

The basis of French defense "will be atomic weapons," the general told his War College audience, "whether we manufacture them or buy them."

Yet after the general's press conference, it seems permissible to hope that his real objective is not to bludgeon his allies into helping him acquire a French deterrent but to exploit France's present key position to intensify international pressure for general nuclear and spatial disarmament. A national leader determined to plunge his countrymen

at all costs into the strategic-armaments race would hardly have gone out of his way, as de Gaulle did three times during his press conference, to remind them that a nuclear conflict could "destroy life in all its forms" on this planet.

### East-West Relations

It was inevitable that de Gaulle's press-conference and other recent statements should have revived old charges that his aim is not to cooperate with Britain and America inside NATO but to create a European Third Force. Up to a point the charges seem justified, but the Third Force that he envisages is not incompatible—at least in his mind—with membership in the Atlantic alliance, and it certainly excludes the neutralist connotation normally associated with the term. In fact, it was European suspicions aroused by the Camp David talks that U.S. policy was itself turning neutralist that cemented the Continental bloc under French leadership into something like a coherent Third Force this fall. According to reliable French sources, de Gaulle realized that President Eisenhower never had the least intention of selling out his European allies, but he thought that the Anglo-Saxon approach to the Berlin question and the thoughtless impatience in Washington and London over Chancellor Adenauer's supposed unreasonableness overlooked decisive imponderables in the German national character. Some of de Gaulle's aides believe that by backing the old chancellor and defying Washington over the summit controversy, their boss has done nothing less than save West Germany from stampeding into the Soviet camp.

In some European circles the feeling is growing that the best way to save NATO is to compensate for any weakening of the alliance's military shield that may result from de Gaulle's anti-integrationist doctrine by strengthening NATO's role in the economic and political fields, where there is some reason to hope that the general would accept closer co-operation. If the impending military crisis inside NATO leads at long last to the new start on the nonmilitary side that its most enlightened statesmen have been urging for many years, the alliance, it is argued, may emerge from it strengthened rather than weakened.

At the same time, de Gaulle's own philosophy of East-West relations is much less negative than it first appeared to be. Its theoretical basis is a controversial if stimulating view outlined in his press conference: that the winds of history which today chiefly interest the new Soviet elites are not the ideological gales that fascinated Marx and Lenin but the cold draft they feel blowing on the backs of their necks from beyond the Great Wall of China.

The supposed Soviet uneasiness over the rise of China's "yellow masses" is heightened, as General de Gaulle sees it, by fear of a reunited and rearmed Germany, and by awareness of the smoldering hostility toward the Soviet Union among the peoples in Eastern Europe. To aggravate these Soviet fears, as the late John Foster Dulles once tried to do with his liberation pronouncements, is to risk a world war, in the opinion of de Gaulle or at least in that of certain of his advisers. On the other hand, to freeze the



PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

present situation in Central Europe on the basis of recognizing Soviet rule over East Germany and the other satellites would be to discard one of the western trumps that could be played to force a more satisfactory settlement of the European problem. Moreover, as a student and philosopher of history, General de Gaulle is convinced that "Russia" cannot permanently stifle the national aspirations of the satellite countries or wean away the populations of "Prussia and Saxony" from their dreams of German unity.

THE SERIES of speeches delivered by de Gaulle during the presidential visit to Alsace from November 19 to November 23, while it did not dissipate all the ambiguities in his European policy, cleared up one of the most important ones. Reiterating his now familiar thesis that world peace depends upon restoring European concert in the whole area "from the Atlantic to the Urals," the general tacked on a highly significant corollary that this would only be possible if a stable balance of power were achieved through the creation of a strong European coalition west of the Iron Curtain. The nascent West European power bloc must be based on "closer and closer co-operation" between France and Germany, de Gaulle declared. This Franco-German co-operation de Gaulle defined as "the condition and perhaps the *grandeur* and glory of tomorrow's civilization." The general had never before committed himself so categorically to Franco-German partnership, though as he reminded his audience in Strasbourg, even in 1945 he had proclaimed that the Rhine must cease to be a "ditch" between the two nations and become a link. In the general's subtle concept the same river also paradoxically serves as a link with the Soviet Union, because as long as it ties Germany to France it is a guarantee against renewed German expansion to the east.

From now on, de Gaulle's towering personality will be a major feature of the panorama from both slopes of the summit, and his highly individual interpretation of the grand trends of modern history will be an increasingly important factor in shaping them.

# Pressures on Nehru

**TAYA ZINKIN**

BOMBAY

PRIME MINISTER NEHRU is facing a minor problem and a major dilemma. The problem is what to do with V. K. Krishna Menon; the dilemma is what to do about China.

Menon has become increasingly unpopular in India, where he is widely believed to be a fellow traveler. He may well become the public's scapegoat for India's failure to halt the Chinese invasion of four thousand square miles of Ladakh territory in northwestern India.

Ever since Menon became defense minister in 1957, after heading the Indian delegation to the United Nations since 1952, he has been making enemies at home. Indians had not minded his rudeness to Americans, partly because they were unaware of the extent of Menon's arrogance, partly because they derived some satisfaction in the thought of an Asian telling the Americans where they got off. It took them a long time to realize that Menon's manners had also antagonized the smaller members of the United Nations. When Menon became defense minister, Indians saw him at close quarters for the first time. They consoled themselves with the thought that at least he could do less mischief at home.

Menon has an unfortunate personality. He is evasive: when he was asked during the election whether he was a Communist, he retorted, "My politics are my own affair." He is rude: typical of Congress leaders' distaste for his manners was the complaint of a deputy minister that "He never talks to me; I might as well be a fly to be brushed aside." He meddles: his meddlesomeness has caused a row in the armed forces.

### Disenchantment with Menon

Having spent thirty years of his life in England, Menon has no base in India outside Nehru. The prime minister values him because he is one of the few members of the Congress Party who share his interest in internationalism and modern technology. Most of the others belong to the old school of Gandhian workers; they are torn between the self-sufficient village and regionalism. Menon exploits his hold on the prime minister in many ways and is determined to play on it to the end. He once told me, "Without Nehru I would be nowhere." He was right.

As Menon has grown to be a familiar figure in India, there have been more and more doubts in the Congress Party about his *bona fides*. First, it was noticed that during the elections in the spring of 1957 the Communists offered him an uncontested seat in Kerala, his home



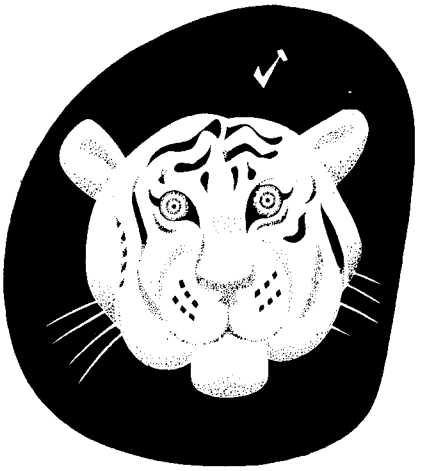
PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

state. And when he became a candidate from the Bombay suburbs, the Communists canvassed for him against their own official United Front candidate. In parliament, the Communists have never attacked him and have invariably come to his rescue, while the Communist and fellow-traveling press has staunchly supported him and attacked his critics. Suspicion of Menon rose sharply when his studied silence over Tibet was contrasted with his vituperation over Suez and Pakistan. During last summer's Kerala crisis when the Communists were ousted after being in office for two years, he openly supported the Communist government, first in a public speech and later during the deliberations of the Congress Parliamentary Party. It is widely said in Delhi that during the crucial days when the government of India was making up its mind whether to interfere in Kerala, Ajoy Ghosh, the secretary of the Indian Communist Party, and Govindan Nair, the Communist leader in Kerala, were constant callers at Menon's house.

Just before Menon's clash with the army last September, the editor of the pro-Congress *Hindustan Times* wrote an article headed "Mr. Menon Must Go." Whether or not Menon is a Communist, said the article, his actions have consistently benefited the Communists, so that India's defenses could no longer be trusted to such a minister when the enemy was China. A. D. Gorwala, India's leading columnist, who said much the same in the *Times of India*, went one further and flatly stated that Menon is a Communist.

THE ROW between Commander in Chief K. S. Thimayya and the defense minister that led to the former's resignation (which Nehru refused to accept) brought matters to a boil. During the subsequent debate in parliament, hostility to Menon was outspoken and, except for the Communists and Nehru, almost universal. Nehru stood by his protégé and dismissed the quarrel as a "clash of personalities over trifles" and criticized General Thimayya while paying tribute to Menon. Nevertheless, to appease parliament Nehru had to promise to take a greater interest in defense; Menon, conveniently, was due to go to the United Nations.

The army row had been brewing for a long time. There was already grave dissatisfaction in the higher ranks at the way in which Menon



interfered with promotions and encouraged his favorites to bypass their superiors. He was blamed, too, for the fact that India's borders had been left unguarded against China although India had had ample warning—the Ladakh Road was completed in 1958 and the Chinese first occupied Bara Hoti in 1954.

Menon's conspicuous absence from New Delhi during the recent critical months has not escaped public notice, and at the beginning of November twenty leading Congressmen from Bombay City were reported to have sent a message to the Congress president requesting the removal of the defense minister. Meanwhile *Blitz*, the large-circulation fellow-traveling weekly, has appealed to Nehru to save Menon because "he is the master technician capable of setting down the Nehru ideals in operative terms, and because without him *you*, Mr. Nehru, would be isolated and perhaps defeated."

Menon has obviously become a heavy political liability. Will Mr. Nehru drop him? It would seem simple enough: he has no lobby or friends apart from Communists and fellow travelers; his removal would be without danger and would please many. Menon's hope of survival seems to rest upon Nehru's loyalty to his friends—and upon his feeling that Menon is being victimized in part for Nehru's own mistakes. Indeed, but for Nehru's association with Menon, the defense minister's fate would be quite overshadowed by the other trials into which China's actions have plunged India. Many agree with Jayaprakash Narayan, Gandhi's moral heir and one of India's most respected leaders, that Nehru's nonalignment is like "the Tower of Pisa, it leans heavily on one side." Menon is their favorite proof. As Gorwala asks in the *Indian Express* of November 9, "When Mr. Khrushchev trusts Mr. Menon, does it matter that the Indian people do not?"

### Himalayan Hamlet

Whatever Nehru may do about his defense minister, all non-Communist India is waiting for him to make up his mind about China. "Or to take arms against a sea of troubles"—thus ran the caption under a cartoon in the *Indian Express* at the end of October, showing Nehru pacing, Hamlet-like, among Himalayas spiked with Chinese guns. A week later the *Express* showed a dilatory Nehru bombarding the advancing Chinese with darts made out of "strong notes," while another cartoon in the *Free Press Journal* depicted half a dozen Nehrus in various moods arguing among themselves while the people ask, "We are united, are *you?*"

The way in which Nehru has been misled by the Chinese has done more damage to his reputation for political perception than to his foreign policy of nonalignment. To be sure, he had good reason to believe that the Chinese would be friendly. India was one of the first non-Communist nations to recognize Communist China, the first to try to make China "respectable," the staunchest spokesman for Mao Tse-tung's admission to the United Nations, and his vigorous defender at the Geneva Conference and over Tibet. It was India that squashed the discussion on Tibet proposed by El Salvador in 1950 and India that first learned to talk of the "Tibet region of China" and gave up its special position in Tibet without a murmur. Indians think that China has gained a great deal from Indian friendship. Few can bring themselves to believe that a border grab and the demoralizing of Bhutan, Sikkim, and Nepal may be worth more to Mao Tse-tung than a strong Indian Communist Party—



PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

may even be worth the risk of an Indo-American and an Indo-Pakistan *rapprochement.*

What Indians hold against Nehru even more than his misjudgment of the situation is his failure to keep the nation informed. "How can we ever trust the wisdom of that one man again?" asked a promising young member of parliament, whereupon he reeled off the facts of last September's Indian White Paper on China, which prove that Nehru had reason to begin to suspect Chinese good faith as far back as July, 1954.

Worse still, Nehru has taken no steps to protect India's border interests. He could have negotiated to settle the border years ago. In Ladakh, the Chinese, basing their argument upon Walker's map of 1854, had a claim that could have been argued about. Alternatively, he could have taken preventive measures, opened up the border areas, built roads, and posted troops, instead of leaving the border to be defended only by handfuls of policemen inadequately armed, irregularly drilled, and not even equipped with wireless transmitters. The last straw was Nehru's statement in a November press conference that construction of the road to Leh had been seriously delayed because of embezzlement by the engineers in charge.

THE CHINESE claim forty thousand square miles of Indian territory—almost the size of England. They have already taken four thousand of them while Nehru has been talking of two millenniums of friendship and the total uselessness of land seventeen thousand feet high on which "not even grass grows." Yet when asked at his press conference what he would do to restore public confidence, Nehru retorted that this was the duty of the press, and asked "Do you want me to stand on my head? Or dance in Connaught Circus?" (Connaught Circus is New Delhi's Times Square.) A leading member of the Praja Socialist Party thundered in Bombay amidst loud cheers: "It is you, Mr. Prime Minister, who are corroding the people's will to resist; when you talk like that you are not fit to be prime minister."

If there is little public demonstration against Nehru, it is only because of the general belief that in the end he will do as the public tells him. "We only have to push him hard enough," said an editor, remembering Hungary.

### Dither and Deliberation

What the public wants is reasonably clear. Even *Blitz* has told Nehru to give the Chinese a "bloody nose"; and Jayaprakash Narayan won an ovation when he told a large audience in Bombay that India must arrest the Chinese advance, and, if negotiations failed, push it back even at the risk of war. The press has denounced appeasement as an invitation to war; but except for Minoo Masani, head of the newly formed anti-Nehru Swatantra Party, and A. D. Gorwala of the *Times of India,* nobody proposes as yet that India should give up nonalignment, although there is a growing demand for "arms without strings" both in the press and from the public. The right-wing Hindu communalist Jan Sangh has demanded a common defense pact with Pakistan; Socialist

Narayan has advocated a confederation with Pakistan. Everybody wants the Chinese thrown out.

Under this pressure Nehru has announced that India stands by its borders and will not give up an inch of territory, but he still hesitates to substitute deeds for words. He knows that weakness on his part will leave Sikkim, Nepal, and Bhutan with no option but to come to terms with the enemy; yet he cannot forget that China's army is fifteen times stronger than his and that he may have to face the crisis alone—a prospect that seemed unpleasantly imminent to Indians after Secretary of State Herter's press conference on November 12, when the Secretary appeared to have no particular opinion as to the rightness or wrongness of the Chinese border claims. Herter hastily corrected this impression, but not before the Indian press had expressed itself vociferously and indignantly upon the matter. There seems little doubt now, however, that President Eisenhower's forthcoming visit will strengthen India's position. The President, who is universally respected in India as a man of peace, is a visitor welcome to all except the Communists, and Nehru has already said that he hopes to discuss his border problems with him.

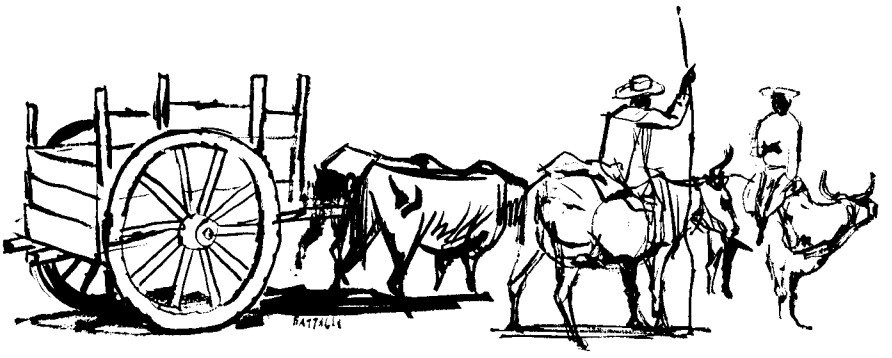
But the Chinese will have to kill many more Indians or take many more square miles of Indian territory before Nehru is likely to join the American camp, especially as the Soviet Union has so far avoided openly taking China's side. The distinction drawn by Khrushchev between Russia's "developing friendship for India" and its "unbreakable bonds" with China has not been lost. A British spokesman has even congratulated Nehru on his "wisdom and restraint." In these circumstances, Nehru's apparent dithering may well have purpose behind it.

THE PRIME MINISTER has followed public opinion more often than he has led it—whether over Hungary, Tibet, or Kerala. He has thus been assured that by the time he acts the public will be united behind him. This approach to leadership may again be successful in the dispute with China; even the Indian Communists have now adopted a "patriotic" line. After an agonizing week of deliberations at Meerut, where public opinion was so hostile that they had to have heavy police protection, they adopted the resolution of S. A. Dange, founder member of the party, in favor of standing by India's border through negotiations, though not by force.

But if, this time, Nehru misses the bus of public opinion, and if he fails to stand up to China, he will irretrievably damage his position. Indians have not forgotten the Mahatma's admonition: "Where there is a choice between cowardice and violence, I would choose violence. I would rather India resisted than that she should remain cowardly witness to her own dishonor."



PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



# The Birth of 'King Kong'

TOM HOPKINSON

JOHANNESBURG

EZEKIEL DHLAMINI, called King Kong, was one of the strangest figures ever to emerge from the somnolent South African countryside into the violence and intoxication of black city life. His story—a mixture of the pitiful and the heroic—sets the theme for the most sensationally successful production in South African theater history, a jazz opera of life in the Negro townships around Johannesburg that has made a hopeful contribution to the Union's tormented race relations.

The King hit Johannesburg back in the early 1940's when he was a huge, shambling, bewildered teenager. Dice-throwing was his means of making a living, and it was after a gambling argument that he found himself in jail for the first time. A fellow gambler had been battered to death. Acquitted, the King began to haunt training gyms and dancing hangouts, picking up a rough knowledge of fighting that was to win him fame and a coveted title, heavyweight champion of black South Africa. He did not hold it long. Always reckless, in the ring and out of it, he threw away a critical fight by trotting two miles to the hall through the streets of Jo'burg, escorted by admiring crowds, and by prancing about the ring as if on exhibition until he was knocked out in the third round by an opponent fourteen pounds lighter than himself.

His serious ring career over—he believed a doctor had injected him with *muti*, medicine fortified by magic, to undermine his strength—the King became a bouncer in a dance hall. One night he gave a man who was brandishing a knife a taste of his own weapon. The taste proved mortal.

Once again—on self-defense—the King got off. But the next time was one too many. Believing his girl friend unfaithful, he stabbed her in a public hall and then commanded the shocked crowd to send for the police. When they found him, knife in hand, standing over the dead girl, they warned him twice before opening fire. Three bullets went right through his body, injuring policemen on the far side of the hall. Still living, the King was carried to a hospital, where he astonished everyone by demanding to be taken to "The Fort," Johannesburg's hated jail.

At his trial he begged the judge to give him the death sentence. When this was refused and twelve years' imprisonment was imposed, King Kong Dhlamini—also known as King Marshal, Spice Smasher, and other admiring nicknames—flung himself into the prison dam at Leeuwkop Farm jail and drowned.

WITHIN a few months of his death on April 3, 1957, King Kong had become a legend. To the children he was an idol, a coveted role in their street games. To the young he was a hero who died for love. To the intelligentsia he was a symbol for the deep frustration of their own lives: of talent deprived of an outlet, of simple good nature forced into bitterness and hatred, turning finally upon itself to cheat an alien justice by a last act of violent assertion.

When I first came to South Africa, less than a year after King Kong's death, there were already plans for a jazz opera based on his life in which white and black were to co-operate. At "mixed" parties, the guests—neglecting even the drinks—would go off into a back room to try over Todd Mashikize's music, discuss plans for the script, and argue over the lyrics. The date of the first night was fixed, February 2, 1959. I never believed it could come on in time.

Yet there on the first night we sat, an audience mainly but not wholly white. The scene was the Great Hall of the University of the Witwatersrand, one of the few halls in South Africa in which it is possible both for an opera to be produced and for a mixed audience to attend.

Within half an hour it was clear that something sensational had happened. Two months of rehearsal, spiced by daily crises, had lifted the principals—the only full-time professionals in the cast—to a new level of ability and confidence. The chorus, fifty-odd factory workers, office messengers, clerks, models, and ex-schoolmasters, had been drilled into vigorous uniformity. The fourteen-piece jazz band—several of its members were popular instrumentalists but none had any experience of a big joint production—had become an orchestra.

### Cadillacs on Catfish Row

The author's method of telling the story—a group of women is shown gossiping about King Kong, and their talk is followed by illustrative action—missed some dramatic moments. King Kong's drowning had to be hearsay, but need his trial have been hearsay too? As it is, the last act has one tremendous song and little else.

What really won the audience, however, was not primarily the story but the skill with which producer, designer, and choreographer combined to give a stylized but powerful impression of township life—a life that is as unknown to the average white South African as was the Victorian underworld to prosperous middle-class families of Dickens's England.

The music delighted audience and



PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

critics, as it was to delight thousands more who later bought it on records. It has vivacity, sincerity, and style—although it must be admitted that except for two or three choral pieces, it disappointed those who looked for something uniquely "African."

The spirited jazz compositions have a strong local flavor—the flavor of the shanty towns around Johannesburg where the Africans live. However, since township life owes a lot to American influence, musically as in every other way, this local flavor would not sound strange to American ears. The songs were soon being whistled around town as freely, and with as little difficulty, as those of the latest Hollywood musical.

"Before I'd been in the theater ten minutes I saw it was in the bag—something far bigger than I had ever dreamed," said Todd Mashikize, who composed the music. "I stopped thinking about the show, and thought about the audience . . . all those minks and Cadillacs sitting in a row with us, and no one thinking about race or color."

NEXT DAY and over the weekend the critics let themselves go. "The greatest thrill in twenty years of theatre-going in South Africa . . ." "For the first time African talent has been used in a constructive way—not merely to show Africans doing tricks, but to express African life and experience . . ." "There is such vigour, such boundless vitality in all the acting, the dancing and the mime, that you want to leap from your seat, defy the [apartheid] law and join in . . ." These were white critics writing of black performers in South Africa; and the Afrikaans papers joined in the generous appraisal.

That night, long before opening time, there were lines of both Negroes and whites at the booking office. In Johannesburg alone, fifty thousand people saw *King Kong* with never an empty seat; if it had been possible to stage it in a commercial theater, it would have run indefinitely.

In Cape Town, Durban, and Port Elizabeth, the show played to capacity. In the capital city of Pretoria, however, permission to use either the city hall or the University Theatre was refused. For this the Afrikaans Kulturraad expressed appreciation and thanks to the authorities, adding with curious logic: "We do not want in any way to stand in the path of the Bantu in the development of his culture—if, in the instance concerned, it can be called culture."

When a Pretoria boys' club considered lending its hall, the minister of education advised it against doing so. The club, which receives £750 annually from the ministry of education, accepted his advice. Over South Africa as a whole, however, a hundred thousand saw the opera, of whom approximately two-thirds were white.

WHEN DUE CREDIT has been given to Harry Bloom, a white lawyer who wrote the "book," and to the actors and musicians, the two people mainly responsible for *King Kong's* artistic and popular achievement are the composer, Todd Mashikize, and the producer, Leon Gluckman.

Mashikize is a little firefly of a man, vivacious, a brilliant talker, subject to dark moods of bitterness and despair. "My music was born out of chats . . . mostly with Arthur Goldreich [the artist who designed the settings] and Pat Williams [a journalist who wrote the lyrics]. We would discuss incidents and the music would grow out of our talk. . . .

"I saw King Kong the day he came out of court after being acquitted on a charge of culpable homicide, coming down the steps surrounded by his thugs. He looked big—as big as this desk. He suggested big musical sounds. Kong always walked like he wanted to dig holes in the pavement . . . heavy, falling. As I remembered how he looked I just went up to the piano and played the theme song—the music for him starts high and falls to a low note. That's how I saw him. I just sat down and played it and I knew it was complete."

Gluckman, a talented young white actor and producer who seems sure of more than South African renown, spoke of his task as producer: "The African actor starts at the point you reach after a month's rehearsal with the white. The white actor constantly defeats himself by his inhibitions. The African has none. 'Come on!' you say to him. 'Let's see what you can do'—and out it comes. His idea of how to present himself may be archaic—there are enormous problems in teaching him to control his movements and to speak—but what he's got he gives you right away.

"Again, his capacity for work is staggering. Most of our principals were variety artists—not one had ever acted in a play; they thought nothing of going through twenty-four numbers off the reel. It gave one a terrifying sense of responsibility. A producer can destroy a personality as well as bring it out. If you told one of these fellows to stand on his head for three hours, he'd do it.

"Getting them to the theater was a problem; nearly all had done a day's work before rehearsal. The personal life of the African is so circumscribed and so hazardous—the penny-whistle boys had all their instruments stolen at knife point—that one could never be certain when they would turn up. Yet once the show opened, not one ever failed. On tour they set up a committee to discipline themselves. The committee stood no nonsense; they sent one member of the orchestra home from Cape Town to Johannesburg for being drunk.

"The chief lesson in it all for me? That black and white can work happily together provided what they're doing is important. This was a show by black artists, with a white nucleus training, organizing, and producing. As time goes on, the black man will learn to do more and more of this work for himself.

"I see the theater as a civilizing force—one of the last channels left open in a country that is violently political and ferociously materialistic. The theater recognizes and accepts the basic spirituality of man. On those terms everyone can meet."



PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

# The Cool Eye Of John F. Kennedy

DOUGLASS CATER

THE PRESENT far from hopeless prospects of Senator John F. Kennedy, as he considers his ambition to be President, would seem to indicate a number of things about the state of politics in the United States today, not the least being a rather violent swing toward youth. If Jack Kennedy should attain his goal, it would mean that the oldest President in American history had been succeeded by the second youngest. (The youngest, Theodore Roosevelt, got in only by way of the Vice-Presidential succession.)

At forty-two, Kennedy has come further and faster than any of his contemporaries except perhaps Richard Milhaus Nixon, four years his senior, who received some notable assists along the way. Like Nixon, he entered politics in 1946, a young Irishman winning the seat vacated by that patriarch of Boston Irish politicians, James Michael Curley. In 1952, he went to the Senate by beating Henry Cabot Lodge in a year when the Republicans won every other major race in Massachusetts. In 1956, he came within a few votes of winning the Democratic Vice-Presidential nomination in the open-convention contest decreed by Stevenson. Today, it is widely remarked that Kennedy stands closer to the White House than any Catholic since Al Smith.

EVEN TO MENTION Kennedy in this context fails to note the vast change in the style of American politicians since the days of Smith, Curley, and the senator's grandfather Pat Kennedy, a Boston ward leader. Those men were the heirs of the city slums and the huddled masses. Loud, uncouth, comic to some and distasteful to many, they combined idealistic social-welfare notions with cynical patronage practices.

In Jack Kennedy, as someone has remarked, can be seen the final product of the gradual transition from shanty to lace-curtain to cut-glass Irish. His is not the America of the big city or even middle-class suburbia. Kennedy was reared in the America of Palm Beach and Hyannisport, of Choate and Harvard, of the Spee Club and Hasty Pudding. He belongs to a generation that can hardly understand the

Mr. Dooley dialect of Finley Peter Dunne, much less the politics he wrote about.

Smith and Curley and Grandfather Kennedy were, in the Horatio Alger sense of the term, self-made men. Jack Kennedy was born to wealth, endowed while still a boy with lifelong financial independence, and wedded to beauty and high social status. For him, the fairy-tale version of life in America is, like the two best-selling books he has written, strictly nonfiction.

Only religion links Senator Kennedy with the Irish politicians of an earlier era. And even here there are subtle differences for this young man who never attended a parochial school. Last June, when Harvard University awarded an honorary degree to Cardinal Cushing, a number of devout Catholics gathered beforehand to kiss the ring worn by His Eminence. Bystanders noted that the senator, who was present as an overseer of Harvard, simply shook hands.

IN KENNEDY'S STYLE there is not the slightest trace of the florid language and lusty humor, much less the brogue, of the traditional Irish politician. In fact, he shows a restraint of manner that is unusual among politicians. Both in public and private conversation he eschews cliché with the contempt of a man for whom words are precise instruments. He does not retreat behind the high wall of pomposity that most politicians erect on occasion to protect themselves from interlopers.

Talking to the senator, one senses a cool detachment toward the business in which he is very deeply involved. During the long sessions across the committee table from Jimmy Hoffa of the Teamsters, Kennedy never gave way to the visceral indignation that gripped Senator John L. McClellan (D., Arkansas) or the heady anger of his younger brother Robert, who served as committee counsel. His judgment of Hoffa was no less contemptuous than theirs. "Anyone who gets that kind of power who has no discrimination or taste or style," he remarked afterward, "is a menace." For Jack Kennedy, one gets the feeling that discrimination and taste and style rate pretty highly in measuring politicians as well as labor leaders.

Kennedy maintains a similar detachment even as he grapples with the sweaty work of a campaign that has already gone on over a longer period than Kefauver's marathon in 1956. For over a year now he has kept up a commuter's schedule between Washington and the rest of the country. It is a body-bruising and brain-numbing affair. But Kennedy keeps cool in the midst of the congested receptions, the relentless clasping and unclasping of hands, and all the other indignities that constitute politicking in America. At a veterans' convention in Columbus, Ohio, not long ago, as Kennedy pushed his way through the crowd, one burly and inebriated delegate reached out, grabbed him roughly by the shoulder, and spun



PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

him round in his tracks. The veteran, momentarily astonished at his own audacity, gaped at Kennedy and muttered thickly, "I'm a Democrat." The slender young senator's smile was serenity itself. "That's the best kind," he answered as he gently disengaged himself and turned to press on. No one has ever seen him rattled.

Kennedy on the stump is always restrained, always in low key. His delivery seldom achieves the eloquence that is written into the prepared text. Occasionally, one detects an almost Rooseveltian ring to his rhetoric. But, unlike Roosevelt, he tends to rely on quotations to furnish the wit and build the climaxes of his speeches. To a dinner audience gathered in a church basement in Bellaire, Ohio, in the course of a half hour Kennedy called on Dante, Robert Sherwood, T. S. Eliot, Shakespeare, Lloyd George, and Woodrow Wilson, and in conclusion offered a lengthy exhortation from the Odyssey.

### Where Joe Left Off

For those seeking to trace Kennedy's political heritage, much remains mystery. A good part of politics has often consisted in fighting yesterday's battles. Kennedy, a pragmatic politician, seems unscarred by past battles and disinclined to pay homage to past credos. He was fifteen when Franklin D. Roosevelt became President. In a recent interview, he was entirely prepared to admit that the coming of the New Deal had little intellectual or emotional impact on him. He cannot remember that it was the subject of much discussion around the family dinner table. Most of the year he was away at an exclusive boys' boarding school. Of course his father was subsequently involved in government, first as chairman of the Securities and Exchange Commission, then of the Maritime Commission, and finally as ambassador to Great Britain. But Joseph P. Kennedy, a flamboyant financier and speculator, was never an authentic New Dealer. By 1940, when Jack was still in college, his father's isolationism had precipitated a bitter break with Roosevelt.

In the well-ordered Kennedy household, it was the eldest son, Joe Jr., who was scheduled to be the politician. Handsome and gregarious, Joe Jr. never wavered, his teacher Harold Laski at the London School of Economics later wrote, in "his determination to be nothing less than President of the United States." He died on an air mission over Germany.

Jack, second eldest among the four sons and five daughters of the Kennedy family, was neither so gregarious nor robust as Joe. As a child, Jack was the sickly one, suffering from anemia that required recurrent periods of convalescence.

In the fall of 1935, Jack, along with several Choate classmates, entered Princeton, but after a brief spell had to drop out for a period of recuperation in Arizona. Next year, he decided to go to Harvard. Of such little shifts are careers fashioned: a Princetonian, even a Kennedy, would have had a hard time in Massachusetts politics.

Jack Kennedy is remembered at Harvard by his professors as a bright, serious, and reasonably industrious student. In the rigid social hierarchy he enjoyed status, though not overly much of it. "After all," a classmate remarked recently, "he made the Spee Club, not the Porcellian." He roomed with Harvard's football hero of that period, Torbert Macdonald, now a congressman from Massachusetts, and was himself a member of the swimming squad.

Unlike his brother Joe, two classes ahead of him, he seems not to have been caught in the turbulence of the period just before the war at Harvard, where a dominantly isolationist student sentiment warred with some notably interventionist faculty members. He avoided political forums like the Liberal Union, in which, as he remembers, doctrinaire young men espoused their causes with a certitude he could never quite understand.

But one rather important thing he did do. After spending part of his junior year abroad, where he served as secretary to his father in London and made trips to Germany and Soviet Russia, he prepared a senior thesis on the situation in England before Munich. Expanded into a book and published in late 1940 with a foreword by an old family friend, Henry Luce, *Why England Slept* quickly attracted the attention of a lot of people who were troubled about this very question. Not so much an explanation of *why* England slept, the book is an impressive analysis of *how* England failed to keep pace with German rearmament.

It makes interesting reading today, for Kennedy examined earnestly the problems of a democracy engaged in competition with a dictatorship. His chief villain was the unthinking British public which was unwilling to sustain forthright leadership and then sought "to make scapegoats for its own weaknesses."

In his *Profiles in Courage*, written fifteen years later, Kennedy again examined the problem of leadership in a democracy. This time he glorified various American politicians who had stood up for what they believed right against prevailing popular sentiment. Both books are, in effect, studies in the limited wisdom of public opinion. They reveal a rather keen distaste felt by this young politician for the excesses to which undisciplined democracy falls prey.

Kennedy's early writing also reveals a critical but dispassionate mind, hardly disposed to intimate involvement in politics. He was, in fact, considering a career in journalism. But after a heroic wartime interlude as a PT boat commander, he changed his course. Joe Jr. was dead. The second son, his father has pointed out, was obliged to take over the legacy.

### Let's Look at the Record

It required no great skill to capture the poor and predominantly Irish Catholic district in the city where his maternal grandfather, the celebrated "Honey Fitz" Fitzgerald, had been mayor. But Congressman Kennedy was resourceful in planting roots in a constituency almost totally alien to his experience and to which he came, as he frankly admits, "ill prepared." The young man who never understood the doctrinaire liberalism at Harvard soon developed a pragmatic variety of his own.

Kennedy enthusiasts point out that from the start he showed a healthy independence of traditional



PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

patterns of political behavior. Alone among the Massachusetts Democrats in Congress, he refused to sign the petition circulated by Congressman John McCormack to request a Presidential pardon for predecessor James Michael Curley just as Curley had begun to serve his prison term for tax evasion. (Kennedy's estrangement from McCormack, the Democratic leader in the House, continues.) The young congressman was one of very few to disagree publicly with the powerful veterans' lobby and even to denounce the American Legion for its pressure tactics. He voted against Taft-Hartley, but refused to go along with a hyperbolic condemnation issued by the other Democrats serving with him on the Labor Committee. He was the first senator from New England to support the St. Lawrence Seaway, which was considered a threat to that region's shipping business. He has supported the controversial Organization for Trade Cooperation, fought for repeal of the loyalty-oath provision of the National Defense Education Act, and favored a number of other measures that could certainly not be considered sure-fire vote getters back home.

As a measure of the man if not of legislative craftsmanship, few are inclined to belittle Kennedy's two-year ordeal as chief architect of the Labor Reform bill. It was a more perilous job than most Presidential aspirants would care to undertake. After the frustration in 1958 when a genuine Kennedy bill barely missed passage in the House, he suffered an even greater disappointment this year when the House passed a version of his measure for which it was no longer desirable to claim paternity. But if the final product, much improved during the last dogged negotiations in conference, won Kennedy no new friends in the labor movement, his own role won him no new enemies.

### What About McCarthy?

One Democratic senator, who claims neutrality in the Presidential contest, commented recently that he has never observed Kennedy to say or do a demagogic thing. His public record is singularly free of the posturing and phony piety to which even the more enlightened politicians succumb at times. Privately Kennedy voices distaste for this sort of thing. "No politician really likes to be a whore," he has remarked drily, "but I must say some are less reluctant about it than others."

This is not to say that he hasn't been obliged on occasion to make at least a truce with demagoguery. During his 1952 Senate race, Kennedy was the only prominent Democratic candidate who was endorsed by the vehemently pro-McCarthy Boston *Post*. The *Post's* support may well have accounted for Kennedy's 70,000-

vote margin over Lodge. Last year, there was fresh speculation about why he was thus favored when the *Post's* owner, John Fox, testified during the Goldfine investigation that shortly after the 1952 election the senator's father had lent him a half million dollars.

The Kennedy office in New York quickly issued a statement that the Fox loan was not "discussed or contemplated" at the time of the *Post's* endorsement of Jack, that it had been repaid in full and was "simply one of many commercial transactions in which this office has participated." Other politicians familiar with the erratic Fox, under whom the *Post* went into bankruptcy, are inclined to be skeptical. An aide to Massachusetts Governor Foster Furculo recalls a campaign visit Fox once made to their office: "Fox was carrying the galleys of two front-page editorials—one praising Furculo, the other bitterly denouncing him. We were to choose."

The McCarthy era undoubtedly posed a serious dilemma for Kennedy. His father was an open admirer. His brother, Robert, a very young lawyer with a yen for investigations, got a job on McCarthy's committee staff. Massachusetts had more than its quota of McCarthyites. As the fantasy in Washington wore on, many observers felt that Senator Kennedy's silence on this issue was a form of assent.

Only recently, his office has made available to reporters a copy of the speech he prepared for delivery the evening Senator Flanders (R., Vermont) first brought the McCarthy censure resolution to the floor. It sought to eliminate the rather broad charges Flanders made against McCarthy and to substitute a blast at the Cohn and Schine antics, concluding with an expression of "severe disapproval of particular conduct permitted, if not encouraged, by a particular Senator." But the speech was not delivered after the Senate hurriedly referred the whole business to a select committee. When the committee reported back months later, Kennedy, absent and reportedly very ill following a spinal operation, made no attempt to record his position.

He was reticent about recording it for some time thereafter. A year and a half later, appearing on the TV show "Face the Nation" shortly before the Democratic convention, Kennedy explained that he had not been a member of the McCarthy "jury" and had not finished reading the record. In November, 1957, he replied to Martin Agronsky during a TV interview that he thought the Senate had reached a proper verdict. After the program, he expressed irritation to Agronsky for having raised the question.

Whatever the cause for this reluctance, it has prompted a curious lack of the usual Kennedy candor. In Washington, a good many people waited rather eagerly last summer when the Washington *Post* an-



PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

nounced that he had agreed to review Richard Rovere's *Senator Joe McCarthy*. But the review was disappointing to those who expected a breast baring. Beginning with faint sarcasm, "Once more the name of McCarthy will be on the lips of the cocktail circuit riders—and Senator McCarthy would have liked that," Kennedy voiced the fleeting judgment that ". . . Mr. Rovere may (though I hope not) be overly optimistic in his estimate of how swiftly and fully the nation has recovered its health." His main criticism was directed not at McCarthy but at Senator Taft for his cynical strategy in handling the Communist issue. (This was the same Taft, incidentally, who had been given a place of honor in *Profiles in Courage*.)

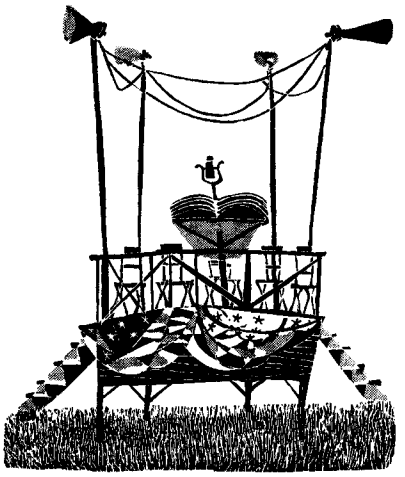
It was, as one critic said, just enough to irk the McCarthyites without mollifying anybody. Even the handling of its publication was peculiarly inept. When the Boston *Globe* sought permission to publish the review simultaneously with the Washington *Post*, a Kennedy assistant refused, explaining that it was written for a Washington, not for a Boston, audience. The *Globe* responded by printing it a day later as a front-page news story. So far as anyone can tell, however, the McCarthy issue is no longer causing pandemonium to reign anywhere except possibly in the breasts of a few Kennedy strategists.

IN THE FIELD of foreign policy, which Kennedy believes may be a critical factor in the selection of next year's candidates, ambition and idealism have nudged him into several acts of calculated boldness. Shortly after the 1956 election, in a speech at a communion breakfast of telephone workers in Boston, he went beyond mere approval of the administration's Suez policy. A Boston newspaper quoted him: "Since 1945 we have been tremendously hampered by diplomatic ties with Britain and France who wish to preserve their colonial ties. We have taken a definite moral stand [against colonialism] for the first time since 1945." Somewhat optimistically, Kennedy declared at the same breakfast that "What has happened in Hungary will soon happen in Poland and within Russia itself. . . . The balance of power has shifted against the Russians."

On July 2, 1957, Kennedy arose in the Senate to examine further the "challenge of imperialism" which he called "the single most important test of American foreign policy." The focus of his concern was Algeria. After a graphic description of the damage the struggle was causing both in France and Algeria, he offered a resolution calling for American policy support of "an orderly achievement of [Algerian] independence."

It was a speech predestined to stir strong reactions. In his book *Power and Diplomacy*, former Secretary of State Dean Acheson, without mentioning Kennedy by name, scathingly derides his proposal as "the supreme touch of naïveté." "The adjustment of a society to loss takes time," Acheson wrote of France's plight. "It will not help for us to snap impatient fingers at a people who were great before our nation was dreamt of, and tell them to get on with it."

Since then Kennedy has not snapped impatient fingers over Algeria. But he continues to express grave concern that America keep abreast of the great change taking



place in Asia and Africa. He has urged that India be made a showcase for massive American assistance in the attempt to create an attractive alternative to Communism for the backward peoples of the world.

Like some of his Democratic competitors, Kennedy voices worry that the Khrushchev overtures will lead to relaxation rather than renewed efforts in our foreign policy. This apprehension has produced rather strong admonitions to a public that he is at the same time ardently wooing. To a Los Angeles audience recently, Kennedy declared flatly that the United States has gone "physically, mentally and spiritually soft."

### Careful Calculations

So well-ordered are Kennedy's ambitions that even close friends find it difficult to put a finger on precisely when he raised his sights to the White House. In 1956, when the prospect of serving as running mate to Stevenson was causing a number to jockey about eagerly, Kennedy showed casual indifference toward the efforts to whip up support for him. (Not all his aides, however, were capable of such restraint. A hastily circulated Kennedy broadside at the convention contained such glittering appeals as "most videogenic personality of our times, says New York *Times* . . . ," "lovely wife; famous colorful family . . . ," "tireless, sparkling campaigner.")

At the convention, hopeful men pleaded, wept, and became totally incoherent during that long night after Stevenson threw the Vice-Presidential nomination up for grabs. But Kennedy controlled any emotions he may have felt. Next day he watched from a small suite in the Stockyards Inn as the voting began. Some time during the second roll call, when it looked certain that he would go over the top, Kennedy left the television set to take a bath. Friends recall not a flicker of regret when the tide turned toward Kefauver. Out on the convention floor, a companion noted that Brother Bobby was in a boiling rage. "We'll show them," he muttered darkly to no one in particular. But Jack was already on his way to the Amphitheater to deliver a plea that Kefauver's victory be made unanimous.

After this trial heat and the ensuing Democratic disaster of 1956, there was good cause for Kennedy to lift his eyes, as he put it, "from the VP to the P." He had gathered surprising support in all parts of the country. But a politician as shrewd as Kennedy did not need to be told that a great deal of his strength at the 1956 convention was anti-Kefauver, not pro-Kennedy. At



PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the 1960 convention, on the other hand, he can expect to have more friends—and more enemies—on his own account.

KENNEDY is not inclined to minimize the obstacles that lie in his way, particularly that of his religion. He has acted calculatedly to puncture fears that a Catholic President would be beholden in any way to the Church. He points out that neither his votes nor his closest advisers have been Catholic-oriented. In a *Look* interview, he declared himself ". . . flatly opposed to the appointment of an Ambassador to the Vatican . . . ," ". . . opposed to the Federal Government's extending support to sustain any church or its schools . . . ," and convinced that ". . . the separation of church and state is fundamental to our American concept and heritage . . . " The senator also said that "Whatever one's religion in his private life, for the office holder nothing takes precedence over his oath to uphold the Constitution." This declaration, as Kennedy has noted with satisfaction, was well received by a variety of critics, including Paul Blanshard. But the angered reaction from several diocesan papers and even the cautionary note of his old friend Cardinal Cushing that it was "a great pity that questions of this sort still have to be asked" showed just how strait is the path that Kennedy must tread.

Kennedy strategists derive hope from his popularity even in Southern centers of hard-shell Protestantism. They are convinced that a Catholic nominee will add rather than subtract critical votes for the Democrats and point to a survey by Connecticut Chairman John Bailey that predicts a gain in eighteen large cities of twelve key states with a substantial Catholic vote.

But others, including such successful Catholic politicians as Governor David Lawrence of Pennsylvania, are not persuaded. There is a feeling that though the Catholic issue may have subtly changed over the past three decades, it is still very much present. Indeed, the British political analyst Denis Brogan wrote recently in the *Manchester Guardian Weekly*, after a tour of the United States: "The Senator is suffering from the fact that his Church is basically more powerful, richer, more respectable and much more feared than it was in 1928 . . . The Church that most conspicuously interferes with the private habits of American citizens is the Catholic, at any rate outside the deep South;

and in recent years the prelates in the strongly Catholic regions of the United States have not shown much tact or moderation in their exercise of the power, the wealth and what is assumed to be the political weight of the Catholic bloc." Brogan, noting that there may be too many Catholic governors at the moment for Kennedy's political health, gave heavy odds against his nomination.

### The Money Question

Another mixed blessing with which the senator must deal is the wealth Papa Kennedy has so generously bestowed on his children. A long time ago, Jack, like each of the others, was independently endowed as a millionaire. The senior Kennedy has frequently remarked to others that money is no object in furthering the public careers of his sons.

But it does have its advantages. Kennedy travels by chartered plane while Humphrey goes by commercial carrier. Kennedy has a larger staff, better office facilities, a better-run operation altogether. (His better communication with the university community for expert advice, it must be added, is hardly a matter of finance.) A prominent pollster, Lou Harris, is continuously engaged in conducting surveys of crucial states for him—an expensive form of political research. One Humphrey adviser contends that currently the Kennedy campaign costs are running at least twenty times the Humphrey costs.

But money also has its liabilities, or could have if not spent judiciously. Kennedy money is involved fairly widely in a number of enterprises around the country. Suspicions go deep that, as many suspected about the loan to publisher Fox, these investments may not all be purely commercial propositions.

Despite the boundless familial affection, the necessity to keep the elder Kennedy out of the limelight is a lesson that has been well learned. Joe Kennedy sat out the 1956 convention in the south of France. During the 1958 Senate race, in which Jack's vote made Massachusetts look like a one-party state, an inquiring photographer sought to take the old man's picture but was turned away at the door of campaign headquarters. Most of the time, Joe Kennedy shuttles safely from Lake Tahoe to the Riviera and from Cape Cod to Florida.

The senator professes no more dependence on his father's money today than on his political advice. He flatly denies rumors that covert funds or secret subsidies are being used to build up a network of Kennedy agents in key states. Last year, when Mrs. Roosevelt referred on a radio program to "oodles" of Kennedy money being spent around the country, he demanded and got what amounted to a retraction. But he can be sure that others will be watching with a sharp eye to find any evidence to sustain the charge.

WITH AN IMPATIENCE that seems no less carefully calculated than anything else about him, Kennedy has made it known that he regards the 1960 election as a now-or-never proposition for him. To counter the frequent suggestions that he serve as running mate to Stevenson, he now suggests that Stevenson might make a good Secretary of State for him.

Few are likely to view seriously these dire last-chance prognostications of a politician who will only



PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

turn forty-three next summer, and, judging by his pace, is no longer troubled by problems of health. But there is a likelihood that as the convention draws nearer, Democrats may be looking with increasing eagerness for a "fighting" candidate to pit against whoever emerges from the prospectively lively Nixon-Rockefeller contest.

Will Kennedy seem like such a fighting candidate? It is strange after his sustained roadwork of the past year that this question should have to be asked at all. But many who have watched Kennedy closely are still not very certain what inner forces sustain his well-ordered ambition—what, in short, makes him tick.

THE SENATOR himself once offered me a reason for his desire to get ahead in politics. He said that he considers it best expressed in an ancient Greek proverb he picked up from his critic, Dean Acheson. "Happiness," runs the proverb, "lies in the exercise of vital powers along lines of excellence in a life affording them scope." Kennedy admits that he has found in politics as in no other pursuit a purely selfish happiness.

It is a candid explanation, but one that raises as many questions as it settles for the traditional politicians. Discussing candidates not long ago, one prominent Democratic senator alluded to the unemotional nature of Kennedy's makeup. He praised his younger colleague's "maturity" and "independent judgment." But then, clasping a hand over his heart, he voiced misgivings. "Let me put it this way," he declared. "If my dear old mother were to fall and break her leg, Hubert Humphrey would cry, but I'm not so sure about Jack."

Maybe this older politician's objection is important. Or, here again, it may be that an old tradition is dying. It may be that Kennedy represents a break with the patterns of the immediate past that is as sharp as his break with the folkways of Al Smith. It may be that after eight years of emotional involvement with a father image, the United States will be ready for the image of a bright, diligent, self-disciplined, and thoroughly unemotional young man.

## VIEWS & REVIEWS

# Why the Rebbe Didn't Dance

**NAT HENTOFF**

THIS YEAR, Orthodox Jews celebrated Simchath Torah, a holiday commemorating the giving of the Law (the Torah), on the fourth Saturday of October. Another yearly cycle of weekly readings of the Five Books of Moses had been completed and the reading was to begin again. Although all Orthodox congregations make the eve of Simchath Torah an occasion of spontaneous gaiety, nowhere is there more exuberant merrymaking than among the Hasidim, members of a movement that began in mysticism.

"The world is full of enormous lights and mysteries, and man shuts them from himself with one small hand," said Israel ben Eliezer Baal-Shem Tov ("Master of the Good Name"), who founded Hasidism in the Ukraine in the eighteenth century. The Hasidim try to keep themselves open to all lights and mysteries, and they worship with a wholeness of body and spirit that leads them on Simchath Torah and many other occasions to sing and dance with a contagious abandon that is perhaps most closely paralleled in contemporary religion by the services of the Negro "sanctified" churches.

Since the years of gas chambers and concentration camps, the largest centers of Hasidism have been in Israel and in Brooklyn, New York. On the eve of Simchath Torah, I went first to the meeting place of the Modzitzer movement in the middle-class Crown Heights section of Brooklyn. Each Hasidic group is part of a separate dynasty that goes back to a founding "rebbe" in Eastern Europe. The rebbes who began the various dynasties traced their antecedents to Baal-Shem Tov or one of his disciples. The rebbe, who may or may not be an ordained rabbi, is considered by his followers to be an unusually noble "tsaddik" (pious man), and especially in Eastern Europe he was believed to work miracles. The Modzitzer rebbes first established their courts in the province of Lublin, Poland, in the middle of the nineteenth century and remained in Eastern Europe until 1940.

The members of the Modzitzer community in Brooklyn are younger on the average than the other Hasidic groups, and their spirits began to rise quite early in the evening. Applying themselves to their duty to be happy that Saturday night, they drank beer and wine, joked before the ceremony began, and even laughed freely at a mock sermon. "This is the only time of the year," a Hasid explained hastily, "when we can have fun with the prayers."

LIKE all Orthodox Jews, the Hasidic men pray separately from the women, and women do not take part in Hasidic dancing. On a joyful holiday like Simchath Torah, however, the children are everywhere, running and playing about the main room. When the dancing started, boys and girls were lifted on shoulders and became part of the simple dances which quickly generated such powerful rhythmic momentum that the floor shook.

Most of the melodies that set off the dancing are easily learned and infectiously lyrical. Many are without words, on the principle that union with God may be blocked or distorted by the interference of words. A leader initiates the songs during the official prayers, but at other times during the night a Hasid anywhere in the room may start a song, others pick it up, and another round of song and dance has begun. Hasidim who aren't dancing bang out the time with jubilant force on a desk or chair. I heard no other musical instruments. The harmonies that embellish the simple songs are improvised, since most of the worshipers are untrained musically but have acquired a keen ear



PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

for group singing through enthusiastic practice. At the Modzitzer and most other Hasidic celebrations, the music on this night is joyous and hopeful in contrast to the plaintive crying of much traditional synagogue music.

MUSIC is essential to all Hasidic communities, but the Modzitzer movement has become particularly known for the vitality of its nigunim (songs). Unlike many Hasidic rebbes, the heads of the Modzitzer composed their own tunes. Unable to write music, they transmitted their compositions orally, and at least half have been lost. Rabbi Saul Taub (father of the present Modzitzer leader, who is in Israel) composed more than seven hundred nigunim before his death in 1947 and is considered to have been the most musically creative of the recent heads of the dynasty.

Modzitzer melodies have been taken over by several other Hasidic groups, but only recently have collections of them been recorded. Ben and Helen Stambler, who are planning an extensive series of Hasidic albums, have released three albums—*A Treasury of Chassidic Song*, *Sholosh R'Golim*, and *Modzitzer Melave Malke Melodies*, all available through the Collectors Guild, 507 Fifth Avenue, New York. None of the sets is as intensely exciting as the dithyrambic Hasidim on Simchath Torah were, but they do communicate much of the lyricism and almost ingenuous charm of Hasidic music. The music is so full of rhythm and emotion that it leads naturally to dancing or at least to some kind of head and body movement as part of the act of listening.

At one point early in the evening, a new arrival at the Modzitzer gathering told me that the Lubavitcher rebbe, head of one of the largest of all Hasidic communities, would sing a new nigun of his own composition at about four in the morning, an event of singular importance to members of his group because of the great pride Hasidim take in the accomplishments of their leaders. The Modzitzer people keep asking their own rebbe in Tel Aviv for new songs, and from time to time he sends them tape recordings.

The dancing resumed as the traditional seven circuits of the reader's desk ("Hakafoth") were made again. At the beginning of each circuit, men of the congregation—and later, boys—were honored by being asked to carry the Torahs during the dance. The jubilation was accented by shouts and the clapping of hands with the hands rising higher and higher as the men lost themselves in the intoxicating rhythms. Some, with white prayer shawls ("talis") over their heads, seemed close to trance. I suddenly found myself recruited into a swaying circle as a Hasid said with a grin, "All Jews are brothers," and I soon found it impossible not to yield to the swing of the melodies and the open pleas-

ure everyone was taking in one another's company and in his own high spirits.

Hasidic melodies were rarely written down until the turn of the century. Before then it was considered "goyish" (un-Jewish) to write down the music. There may now be two or three thousand Hasidic songs on paper, but no definitive large-scale collection of them has appeared thus far.

Several Hasidim joined in the story, possibly apocryphal, of the Hasidic rebbe who always danced when the cantor sang a certain traditional hymn during the Friday-night services. The cantor, however, had grown increasingly impatient at the time it took him to teach the songs by ear, and he decided to learn to read and write music. After some months of study, he arrived one Friday night with a group of songs neatly notated. That evening the rebbe didn't dance. Both the cantor and the rebbe were troubled, and the only explanation the rebbe could conceive was that a sin had been committed. "All I've done," said the baffled cantor, "has been to learn to write music." "Ah," said the rebbe, "that is the sin."

To the Hasidim, spontaneity of feelings, especially in worship, is essential. The man who holds back his emotions at a time like Simchath Torah can be suspect. "Come, come into the dance," said an older Modzitzer to a younger Hasid. "I've already danced," was the answer. "Yes, but a man who talks about whiskey isn't drunk," and the young Hasid was pulled into the next circle of dancers. "I bet," shouted another proud Hasid, "that you've never before seen a happier group of Orthodox believers anywhere!"

For some Hasidim the Modzitzer group exemplifies more the musical than the doctrinal substance of Hasidism. "Many of the young ones here speak English," said an older visitor. "The society around them has worked on them." And one of the younger members of the group admitted, "I come here mainly for the music."

THE POWERFUL Lubavitcher movement, while no less enthusiastic about singing and dancing (on previous Simchath Torahs they have danced in the streets of Brooklyn), is at the opposite end of the scale from the small Modzitzer unit, which is essentially a family group that has picked up several score adherents in Brooklyn.

The Lubavitcher, in contrast, has an active publication society; branches throughout the world, including Russia and North Africa; and an extensive network of schools with some ten thousand pupils in America, Israel, Europe, and North Africa. The best organized of all Hasidic communities, the Lubavitcher movement gives economic aid to its members and even sends young students out on "Torah Missions" throughout the country to convert, not the Gentiles, but Jews who have fallen away from Ortho-


PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

doxy. The dynasty was founded in Ladi, White Russia, in the eighteenth century. The present rebbe, Menachem Mendel Schneerson, is on his father's side the seventh in direct line to the founder, and is the son-in-law of the previous rebbe. He had been studying electrical engineering in Paris when the call came to head the movement, and it took him two years to decide that being a rebbe was indeed his vocation.

It was well past midnight on Simchath Torah when I arrived at the huge "sukkah" of the Lubavitcher. Simchath Torah comes at the end of the harvest festival of Sukkos, and during that time, the Orthodox Jew takes his meals in the sukkah (a temporary tabernacle covered with leaves and branches). The singing and dancing, which would take place elsewhere, had not yet started. Hundreds of men, most of them bearded, were seated and standing, listening to the rebbe, who had been talking in Yiddish for some two hours and was expected to go on for at least another hour or two. He was "saying Torah," talking about the religious aspects of the holiday, meanings that were deeper than the ritual, and other subjects from Jewish law and life germane to the occasion. The rebbe had no written notes, and was improvising in a soft, conversational voice. He was at the center of the table, his own beard streaked with gray, and wearing his authority with ease and gentleness. On either side of him were elders of the movement, dressed in long, full-skirted coats and with white or grizzled full beards. They sat with an air of implacable calm and patience as if the rebbe could continue all night and they would neither be surprised nor any the less absorbed in what he was saying than they were at that moment.

Although there was noise at the edges of the crowd from which the rebbe could be neither seen nor heard, in the sizable inner area to which his voice could reach the listeners focused on him with total concentration. The rebbe, the elders, and his followers seemed outside present time and space, and the meeting could have been taking place in Poland a hundred years ago.

At the synagogue of the Bobower Hasidim, also in Crown Heights, the singing and dancing had started a couple of hours before. Again, most of the men were bearded; and here—unlike among the Modzitzer and the Lubavitcher—many had round fur hats, some made of mink (the "shtraimel"). The hats had been worn by many Jews in Eastern Europe and purportedly were copied from those used by Polish landowners as a symbol of status, although another theory holds they were first worn in Spain as a special designation of Jews. At the Bobower celebration, as at other Hasidic places of worship, many men also wore handsome black holiday coats with black silken cords ("gartels") around the waist to make the distinction between the "higher" and "lower" spheres. Although it was late, many small boys moved around the floor or sat high along the wall watching the singing and dancing.

The custom of the Bobower rebbe, who came to Brooklyn after the war, was to perform the first dance of each of the seven circuits by himself. After singing a passage of prayer, he placed his prayer shawl over his head, then, weaving, danced in a narrow rectangle that the pressing crowd cleared for him. His dance was both of measured control and an almost glowing inner intensity. He seemed to glide as he danced, and I doubt if many of his followers would have been surprised if he had moved a few inches off the floor.

At about two in the morning I came to the Williamsburg section of Brooklyn, guided by a local doctor who described himself as "ritually much worse than a Reform Jew but spiritually deeply Orthodox." Many of the most Orthodox and poor Hasidim live in Williamsburg, and the synagogue which we entered—with simple murals of Jerusalem on the walls—was that of the Sattmerer rebbe, whose dynasty had begun in Hungary and who also had come to Brooklyn after the Second World War. Here nearly all the men were bearded and wore fur hats. Many also had long ear curls ("peyos"). The Lubavitcher, by contrast, wear trimmed beards and avoid most of what one of their members calls the older "externals" of Hasidism.

Hasidim, even more than Orthodox Jews in general, stay within their own community and usually marry among themselves. Of all the Hasidic communities in Brooklyn, those of Williamsburg are probably the most insular. Some can also be fiercely militant if they feel outside secular authority is threatening their way of life anywhere. Some months ago, a delegation from the Sattmerer rebbe went to Washington to ask the American government to use its influence against the mixed swimming pools in Jerusalem.

Again despite the late hour, there were small boys in the synagogue with long ear curls and pale faces who were clearly long accustomed to hours of relentless daily study but seemed alert, ready for mischief, and thoroughly confident of where they belonged. Most of the older Hasidim communicate even more clearly a wholeness of personality, an absence of anxiety. They do not have, their adherents claim, a "kera," a split in their personalities. "I'll lay you odds," the doctor muttered, "that there isn't an ulcer in a carload here."

The celebratory dancing had not yet started. The rebbe sang from the liturgy in a high, wailing chant that sounded Near Eastern in its piercing cry and the melismatic shaking and bending of the notes. At the end of each phrase, the Hasidim answered with words that were really sighs. The room struck me, in fact, as being in danger of overflowing with sighs as wave after wave of sound spiraled and fell, coming from deeper and deeper inside the Hasidim, and rising again in intensity until the rebbe sang from the liturgy again.

This was obviously not the kind of worship to which most Americans, including Reform Jews, are accustomed. The Hasidim participate in the praying and the music as fully as their rebbes. They do not passively accept sermons nor do they always sing hymns only on cue. They try to give themselves spontaneously to the religious experience. All around me the men were rocking back and forth rapidly, praying with fierce devotion and creating a pressure of sound and rhythm as if to force the bursting forth of an apocalyptic vindication.



PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

# Eyeless in Wonderland

LAWRENCE S. HALL

ONE SNOWY December afternoon in 1955 a tall young man with a cultivated and ingratiating manner came into an office I was occupying at Columbia College. He tossed his green-cloth book satchel on the table, and without removing his coat sat down and looked at me with shining eyes.

"It's wonderful!" he exclaimed with equal obscurity and charm, as though the mere feeling of wonder were in itself what was important and not the thing, whatever it may have been, that caused it. "It's wonderful . . . !"

Not being addicted to this sort of mesmerism, I said: "What's wonderful?"

"The mind of man. You know," he said, "it's wonderful what you can learn from people. I'm editing an anthology of famous love letters, and it's incredible how much I've learned. I tell my students what my father always does: they aren't in class to learn from me; we're all there to learn from each other. And I have as much to learn from them, if not more." Notable events have occurred which now lead me to speculate with alarm on what in fact it was that Charles Van Doren's students taught him and he taught them.

TODAY in 1959 he tells us in his own words: "I have learned a lot in those three years, especially in the last three weeks. I've learned a lot about life."

In spite of the freshman-theme idiom, we grant that this is a considerable lesson, and we ask him what it is he has learned about life, and find him saying: ". . . the truth is the only thing with which a man can live."

Again we grant the premise and ask what truth he has learned, and hear him say: "I've learned a lot about myself. . . ."

Now we put it to him: What truth has he learned about himself? And this is what he says:

"I was involved, deeply involved, in a deception. The fact that I, too, was very much deceived cannot keep me from being the principal victim of that deception, because I was its principal symbol. . . . There may be a kind of justice in that. I don't know."

Well, here is obviously something he has *not* learned: he doesn't know whether what has happened to him is just or not. But beyond this, when he describes himself as being "very much deceived" and the "victim" of a deception, by whom or what does he think he was deceived? From his own testimony certainly not by producer Albert Freedman, who told him he could not possibly go on the quiz program "Twenty-One" without collaborating in the deceit that had been so undeceitfully proposed in the privacy of Freedman's bedroom.

The only deception of which Van Doren is certainly the victim is his own self-deception. He has been made aware, with the great help of external pressures, of the more obvious phases of this self-deception. He knows, for example, that you do not do "a great service to the intellectual life, to teachers, and to education," of which he says he believes "nothing is more vital to our civilization," by performing mental stunts, even when they are honest; though it comes hard to imagine how, with his high intelligence, the best of education, and training and experience in the profession of the intellect, he could have avoided realizing this from the beginning.

But I myself do not see that he recognizes any of those acts of deception which have not been made forcibly obvious to him, because he is still practicing them.

WHILE he was preparing his statement to the House subcommittee, he told a *Time* correspondent: "I've been getting just wonderful letters from wonderful people. I put the good letters in one pocket and the *bad* [italics mine] in another. When I looked I had thirty-nine good letters in one pocket and there was only one bad one in the other pocket. I've been getting so much love from so many people that I just wish I could return it all. People are wonderful."

Here is material for another volume of love letters, of which the young man can this time be both editor and recipient. Of one of these letters Charles Van Doren says to a committee of Congress: "In the end, it was a small thing that tipped the scales. A letter came to me. . . . It was from a woman, a complete stranger, who had seen me on the Garroway show and who said she admired my work there. She told me that the only way I could ever live with myself, and make up for what I had done . . . was to admit it, clearly, openly, truly. Suddenly I knew she was right, and this way, which had seemed for so long the worst of all possible alternatives, suddenly became the only one. . . . In the morning I telephoned my attorney and told him my decision."

THIS is an extraordinary piece of self-hypnosis. On October 14, two days prior to receiving the quoted letter, Mr. Van Doren was served with a subpoena that he had by his own statement been forced to invite. At any stage of the three years preceding that moment he had been free to *decide* to tell the truth, but from this point on it became impossible for him to make a decision because he had left no real choice. To the very end he never did perform the ethical free act of making up his mind, and to the very end of his hearing he had not learned that vital fact about himself. At the very end he still speaks of "possible alternatives" as though circumstances, as inexorably as in a work of fiction, had not closed every one of them off. Van Doren did not *decide* to tell the truth; what he did was adapt himself to the finally inescapable necessity of telling it. The "way" he talks about finding, with the help of his correspondent who did not know he was no longer a free moral agent, was to blur the stark and damning distinction between these two actions.

"I spent the rest of the week [before the hearing]," he says, "trying hopelessly to seek a way out. There was no way, but even though my mind knew there was none, I could



PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

not face the prospect emotionally." Van Doren frankly did not have the emotional strength to face what he had done or what he was; and from the necessity, moral and practical, of facing this, he did at the zero hour find a way, as he inadvertently puts it, "out." By means of the little packet of letters in his pocket he was able to lay down a smoke screen of love and devotion which clouded the issue so that all distinctions could be miraged.

ANY MAN must struggle for the image he needs of himself to make life supportable, regardless of what that image is, in the best way he can. If camouflage is indispensable to Van Doren, then in all humanity I am willing it should do him as much grace as possible. I would do better than forgiveness, which as Shaw once pointed out has an element of condescension in it; I would forget him and let him rescue what felicity he is able to as a private man. But it is not as a private man that I am concerned with him, because he himself calls himself a symbol. And it is by this symbol, in all its pretentious deceptiveness, that I am repelled and alarmed.

There have been men throughout history who have regarded themselves as symbols; some of them have been good and some have not. But all are dangerous if they are not seen to be what they are. There is always megalomania in a man who regards himself as symbol, as Eliot's Archbishop Becket saw when he rejected the fourth and ultimate temptation of martyrdom. There is certainly megalomania in a man who says he could not act honestly without betraying the hope and faith of millions of people—as if the hope and faith of all these millions hung on him alone; who further says, "I felt that I carried the whole burden of the honor of my profession"—as if the burden of the honor of his profession were not being carried by thousands of the relatively obscure, conscientious men who were his colleagues, who were and still are discharging their responsibilities to the intellectual life undeceiving and undeceived, and whose honor could neither be upheld nor despoiled by any one man.

What Van Doren is asking us to believe here is that he sacrificed his personal need for honesty to his larger duty to all those people whose symbol he saw himself as being. So as not to fail in his larger duty, he martyred himself to the fatal obligation of deceiving them into believing he was the symbol he knew he was not. Van Doren told an interviewer for *Newsweek:* "Oedipus's reaction was to pluck out his eyes in order to see a strange paradox. Well, some explosion had taken place in me, too." When I read this I realized to my utter amazement that this young man sees himself as a hero in a Greek tragedy.

But in spite of his talk about his inner explosion, the record will show that from beginning to end Van Doren has learned nothing of himself, from himself or from others. He has indeed, though in a very different way from Oedipus, plucked his eyes out. There is a pitiful circular consistency in his behavior. His performance on "Twenty-One" and his performance before the House subcommittee with its nation-wide gallery are of a piece. Let me quote him again:

"I have deceived my friends, and I had millions of them. Whatever their feelings for me now, my affection for them is stronger today than ever before. I am making this statement *because of them* [italics again mine]. I hope my being here will serve them well and lastingly." The symbol, alas, is still pathetically deceiving its believers, chief among whom is Van Doren himself.

Van Doren has taken his medicine only after, by a specious alchemy, he has converted it to an elixir—a love potion. He bowed out still representing himself as the loving martyred servant of these wonderful people who will be saved by his hapless example from being beguiled by wordly wickedness.

THE SHORTEST sane response to all this is, How noble can you get? Well, pretty noble, I'm afraid, if you set sail on the befogged sea of schmaltz in Van Doren's beautiful pea-green boat. And the alarming thing is that so many members of this culture are doing just that. We have the spectacle of four members of the House subcommittee commending this young man, and the chairman actually God-blessing him as if he had done something heroic, for a confession which he was driven into.

We have another spectacle of the students, who learned from him and from whom he learned, petitioning Columbia to restore to his intellectual duties a man they described as a "conscientious and brilliant teacher."

But this is not a brilliant and conscientious teacher; this is a cruelly and pitiably confused young man who by exuding and receiving indiscriminate compassion, playing footsie with the public to the end, had made himself a rallying point, a national hero of the similarly confused. They do not help one another; they compound each other's difficulties. This is far more dangerous to a culture than crooked television with its rigged quizzes and its shows of murder and rape for which Van Doren thought he was atoning by being, he imagined, "the only person" to read seventeenth-century poetry on a TV network program. Crookedness, murder, and rape are among those evils he had alluded to which appear to be clearly what they are. But so far neither he nor his sympathizers have learned to detect the other kind, which lurks, among other places, behind the easy safeguards of the sacred slogan.

THE SUPREME FRAUD in this whole sordid and sick affair lies in concealing under piously reflexive formulas—"poetry," "kind heart," "truth," "gentle soul," "contrition," "fellow sinner," "forgiveness," "love"—the most maudlin and promiscuous ethical whoredom the soap-opera public has yet witnessed. The time can come, if it has not already come, when wanton pity for human weakness will betray the equally pitiable but uninfatuated fidelity to its strength.

Nor is this kicking a man when he's down, because this young man is anything but down, a fact he realized well in advance of most when he said (*Newsweek*): "Will I have the guts to withstand this if they come up with new attractive possibilities? I don't know." He will have many chances to find out. Among other things, he has already been offered, in the movie *Wake Me*



PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

*When It's Over,* the role of prosecutor in which, if he chooses, he can duplicate the histrionic subterfuge with which as unawakened defendant he delivered his lines before a committee of Congress and the nation.

IT HAS BEEN a painful chore to come to grips with this case, which has in it many of the authentic Conradian tensions between judgment and sympathy. But in defense of what may seem to be and indeed may be harshness, I offer this paradox. If judgment without sympathy is monstrous, sympathy without judgment is also monstrous. Every sound judgment has behind it the injunction: Judge not, that ye be not judged. But this does not mean, as the misguided compassionate think, Don't judge at all, because you too are guilty. It means, Don't judge in a way that assumes you are not open to the same judgment. The first enjoins chaos, the second understanding. We have to judge where we are required to, though we may already ourselves have defaulted, or we perpetuate our defections in others from a sympathetic fear of denouncing our own.

What I have really indicted here, at the expense of Charles Van Doren, is an attitude, a cultural soft spot. In this connection I have indicted also Van Doren's commenders, his condoners, his publicizers—all those who are his creators and the creators of others like him.

I WOULD SAY a final word about the man who, behind all the rest—the self-pity, self-delusion, self-devotion, and self-destruction—is the same as we all are, as all men have been and will be. Not the symbol, not the tragic hero publicly pronouncing "Troubles bring you closer together," "I found myself again," "Everything came too easy," "Maybe this is all a farce, too, part of the masquerade," "This is a phenomenal thing that has happened to me—I don't think it happens to most men." Not this man but the one whose genuine private torture shows now and then amid these tortuous and phony clichés.

The man I would finally speak about is the one you get only an insufficient faltering glimpse of now and then, as I did that wintry day four years ago when I forbore to tell him directly what I thought of his philosophy of education. It is the man who pitifully told the reporter for *Newsweek*: "I've been acting a role for ten or fifteen years, maybe all my life. It's a role of thinking that I've done far more than I've done, accomplished more than I've accomplished, produced more than I've produced. It has, in a way, something to do with my family, I suppose. I don't mean just my father, there are other people in my family. But I've been running . . ."

# Who Is Quasimodo?

**SIDNEY ALEXANDER**

FLORENCE

"LET'S NOT LOOK a gift horse in the mouth." So began the article of one of Italy's leading literary critics on the choice of Salvatore Quasimodo for the Nobel Prize in literature. Everybody agrees that the Sicilian is a fine poet (if not as profound as Eugenio Montale) and a superb translator. But too many critics have been bitten by Quasimodo's polemical teeth. The new Nobel winner, born in Syracuse in 1901 and now a teacher in a conservatory at Milan, is a singularly isolated figure in a country in which actual literary achievement is sometimes less significant of an author's position than the "circle" to which the author belongs.

Though there was considerable sitting on hands during the applause, there was also considerable satisfaction. Italy has not received a Nobel Prize in literature since the award to Luigi Pirandello (another Sicilian) in 1934. Previously, the kudos had gone to Grazia Deledda, a Sardinian, probably one of the world's most unread Nobel Prize winners. "Perhaps it's just a coincidence," Quasimodo said when asked why so many islanders have won the Nobel for Italy; "perhaps it is a desire to grant a prize, not only to the poetry but also to the earth which floats on the sea."

This was one of his mildest statements on the occasion of the news. More often the poet, on TV and in interviews with the press, declared blandly that he had received the announcement with a "normal tranquillity," that his poetic style was Dantesque, that the significance of the award went far beyond mere literary values, and that, with his forgiving qualities as a Sicilian, he held no rancor against his "enemies" who were now sending telegrams of congratulation. The word "enemies" appears so often in connection with Quasimodo's public statements and even in his poetry that one is forced to conclude that he suffers from a kind of paranoia. One of his poems, for example, is entitled "To an Enemy Poet" and concludes thus:

*"Man of the North, who wants me*
*minimized or dead for your peace,*
*hope on:*
*My father's mother will be*
*one hundred years old*
*this new Spring. Hope on: that I,*
*tomorrow,*
*am not playing with your yellow*
*skull in the rain."*

In his "Discourse on Poetry," a critical essay of 1953, Quasimodo struggles vigorously against the provincialism and artificial literary tradition that plague Italian poetry. But surely it was provincialism—and tactlessness—of the worst sort to bring Italian literary quarrels onto the world stage, as Quasimodo did in his first interviews with the press: "My adversaries, that is, the other candidates, had great forces, whereas I fought alone . . ." In another statement, the poet snarled at those writers who were too "Roman" to be of world-wide importance—an unsubtle swipe at Moravia, a strong contender for the Nobel Prize. Yet, despite his ill temper, Quasimodo was not overstating his isolation. The Nobel Award machinery is set in motion when the Swedish Academy of Literature sounds out the opinion of cultural organizations and governing authorities in various countries. In this country, the Accademia dei



PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Lincei and the Ministry of Education probably supported Riccardo Bacchelli (known to Americans for his *The Mill on the Po*); the P.E.N. Club and the Writers' Union were behind Moravia. Quasimodo was the dark horse, seemingly without a jockey but cheered on by the grandstand of the Left.

UNQUESTIONABLY, charges of "politics" only serve to set off explosions in an easily combustible Sicilian. Quasimodo is not a Communist or even a Marxist, nor does he write political poetry. But he has dared, to a degree unusual in this tradition-ridden society, to employ his limpid, sensitive, classical idiom to confront "social" themes: the anguish of contemporary man, and to affirm a new humanism as opposed to the crepuscular and hermetic poetry, which, led by Montale and Giuseppe Ungaretti, has dominated Italy since the spluttering out of the D'Annunzian fireworks. Indeed, an important clue to much Italian painting and literature, in this century as in the last, is anti-rhetoric. There has always been a school of bombast and a school of anti-bombast: an Aretino and a Machiavelli, a D'Annunzio and a Montale, a Mussolini bellowing purple prose at the Piazza Venezia and a Morandi painting cool gray bottles in Bologna. This hatred of rhetoric (which surprises Americans who persist in thinking of Italians as flamboyant) has been particularly strong since Fascism; an easily understandable distrust, perhaps an ancient aversion to Romanity on the part of the constituent peoples of the peninsula.

But alas, anti-rhetoric can itself become a kind of rhetoric. In Italian poetry, the melancholy gray landscape, the introspective brooding on the past, the yearning after a lost youth as the symbol of a lost Age of Gold, the exquisite sorrows of solitude, is frequently literary mannerism rather than felt experience. It is all to Quasimodo's credit that he so often manages to break out of this crust. For the act of poetic liberation is immensely more difficult for an Italian than for one writing in French or English or Spanish. It is astonishing how even the important figures in Italian poetry seem to have remained untouched by the revolution of the nineteenth-century French symbolists. There are not, and have not been, any equivalents here of García Lorca, Gerard Manley Hopkins, Hart Crane, Rimbaud, Mallarmé, Mayakovski, Eliot. Everybody, even the leftist poet, is conservative.

At any rate, much of the controversy here about the new Nobel Prize winner's "politics" was aroused by the articles the poet wrote after his return from the Soviet Union, where he had fallen ill and had to remain for six months. And the morning after the launching of the first Sputnik in October, 1957, a poem of Quasimodo's, "To the New Moon," appeared in *Unità*:

*"In the beginning God created*
*the heaven and the earth,*
*then, on his chosen day, he also*
*set*
*the luminaries in heaven*
*and on the seventh day he rested.*

*After billions of years*
*Man, made in his image and*
*similitude,*
*without ever resting,*
*with his laic intelligence,*
*without fear, within the serene sky*
*of an October night, set other stars*
*equal to those which rotated*
*from the creation of the world.*
*Amen."*

Surely one of the poet's least felicitous efforts. Poets, of course, are not infrequently political simpletons (witness Ezra Pound); what worries more objective critics is whether Quasimodo's more recent work has not lost force and beauty precisely to the degree that he has committed himself to a too narrowly conceived "engagement." The earlier work, and precisely *Ed è subito sera*, published in 1942 and almost immediately reaching an unprecedented ten thousand copies, is the poignant lyricism of a humanist who has drunk deeply of Greek and Latin springs, and, in the blaze of Mediterranean light, projects a luminous grief-stricken image of modern man:

*"Everyone stands alone on the*
*earth's heart*
*transfixed by a ray of sunlight:*
*and suddenly it is night."*

But no literal version can communicate the slant rhymes of the original, *"solo"* and *"sole,"* or the feeling of a Greek fragment curiously pervaded with modern sensibility.

IN FOUR subsequent volumes published since the war, Quasimodo has moved steadily away from lyrical nostalgia to a more direct confrontration with the society of his own day, from a monologue to a dialogue:

*"And how could we sing*
*with the foreign foot on our*
*hearts,*
*among the dead abandoned in the*
*piazzas*
*on the ice-hard grass, in the black*
*scream*
*of the mother who went to meet*
*her son*
*crucified on the telegraph pole?*
*In the weeping willow fronds,*
*our votive harps also were hung,*
*oscillating lightly in the sad wind."*

Meanwhile, his reputation was really being made by a series of brilliant translations: from Virgil, Ovid, Catullus, Shakespeare, Molière, the Greek Anthology, Ezra Pound, E. E. Cummings, Adam Mickiewicz. The translations, especially from Greek and Latin, are fresh limpid re-creations, not transcriptions, and, in the judgment of many, represent Quasimodo's highest achievement.

In more recent poems, the truculent note appears amidst the summoning up of things past:

*". . . the man*
*who remains here, hated, with his*
*verses,*
*one like many, workman of*
*dreams."*

*"Operaio di sogni"*—the phrase reminds one of Gorki's definition of the writer as an "engineer of souls." To academic Italian ears it is a scandal.

But why begrudge the laurel to poor passionate Salvatore Quasimodo? He's a fine poet; and if there are better men around who have not yet received a Nobel Prize, can't they take consolation in the fact that neither did Tolstoi, Strindberg, Proust, Valéry, or James Joyce?



PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THEATER

# The Couch in the Shrine

GORE VIDAL

GEORGE SANTAYANA once said: "I am not a mystic but I can imagine what it must be like." To paraphrase the late guest of the Blue Nuns, I did not see Mr. Dore Schary's *The Highest Tree* but I can imagine what it must have been like. In a burst of right feeling, Mr. Schary took an urgent theme—ban atomic tests—and fashioned a play to illustrate that theme. Now I am all for this kind of play, in theory at least. But there are dangers peculiarly inherent in the topical play. For one thing, between the early and the late editions of the morning paper, your theme may find itself resolved by careless parliaments, and what you have so eloquently demanded in three acts may have come to pass offstage. Between the conception and the production of Mr. Schary's play fell an unexpected shadow: atomic tests were suspended. Yet Mr. Schary persisted, no doubt changing lines here and there to accommodate history: we must not allow these tests to start up again . . . something on that order, inevitably less urgent. A further danger of course is that any play that sets out to make a single point which can be stated in a phrase or slogan is not apt to be very interesting to an audience. Those who are in favor of more atomic tests are not going to be swayed by Mr. Schary's partisanship, while the rest of us (apparently a majority) do not need to be stiffened in our conviction by anyone's dramaturgy.

One way Mr. Schary might have made his point would have been to write a very sly play about a solipsistic scientist who, when he finds that he has leukemia, wants everyone else to die, too. He should be eloquent, plausible; at the end of the second act he must have a splendid vision of this great green lovely world cleansed of all humanity ("What are we but killing bacteria in the blood stream of time?")—no trace of men, save for a quantity of glowing bones. Now there's a play I *would* have gone to see. And I might even have asked Governor Rockefeller to be my guest—a blind date.

IF THERE ARE no third acts in American life, there are even fewer third acts in our theater. Popular writers have a difficult time facing the consequences of what they have set in motion. To state the truth as a conscientious writer sees it or as the play's own internal logic dictates is usually unpalatable. To me, William Inge's *The Dark at the Top of the Stairs* began rather than ended when husband and wife went upstairs: that marriage was clearly devised if not in hell in a sad limbo, and I found myself quite curious about what was going to happen next to the stair climbers. I had much the same response to Mr. Paddy Chayefsky's *The Tenth Man.*

My admiration for Mr. Chayefsky, though very real, knows certain bounds. It seems to me that in nearly every work of his I have seen he manages to evade or compromise the reality his art has made us believe in. *The Bachelor Party,* in many ways his most interesting work, went quite false at the end when the boy returns gratefully to his prison whose bars are the arms of an unloved, loving wife. I am sure Mr. Chayefsky would say that the ending was truthful, that most of us do not choose freedom but learn to love our cages or at least accept captivity *faute de mieux;* but though this is true it is bitter, and to gloss over the bitterness with the sentimentality of love's-all-there-is is dishonest.

There is a superstition in the popular arts that the public will not sit still for an ending that gives them no hope. As with most popular wisdom, there is an element of truth in this. I could imagine no American making a movie as black as Clouzot's *The Wages of Fear,* say, or Bergman's *The Seventh Seal,* to name two films that have dealt with the tragedy inherent in our situation. Americans, having achieved so much material comfort in life, refuse to acknowledge the *Totentanz* we are all engaged in. The result has been a popular (and serious) art of the most superficial kind. Having dismissed Mind as undemocratic and unfriendly, an America devoted to pleasure has turned almost exclusively to the idea of Love as the only thing worth achieving in the sight of a nonhuman eternity that dismays and chills. We have made the orgasm God, and D. H. Lawrence would have been proud of us, though dismayed perhaps by the fatuity of our panegyrics. I suspect one of the reasons our culture has gone silly with boredom has been its refusal to recognize the inadequacy of Love as a god. Most cultures have had a pantheon; ours has but a single shrine, with a couch in it.

Mr. Chayefsky's virtues are all his own; his faults he shares with the popular art of his time. *The Tenth Man* is a clever and charming theater piece, well staged and well acted, and yet its conclusion is pat, sentimental, and familiar. The young man does not believe in God or dybbuks; worst of all, he cannot love. The girl is schizophrenic but she loves. No object—just loves. After an exorcism ceremony in a synagogue, he, not she, is divested of the demon of non-feeling. Now he can love the girl, and off they go together. As someone said very beautifully, in the argot of Broadway: "The rocks in his head fit the holes in hers."

I didn't believe a word of it. Nor did I much care what became of the lovers despite a fine performance by Mr. Donald Harron. Theatrically, the evening belongs to the other nine men and the young rabbi. I don't recall having seen a play in which so many minor characters were so effectively brought to life and with such economy. Mr. Chayefsky is a curious phenomenon. He is a writer with a first-rate imagination; he is already a master of the theater (and may I remind the serious-minded that this is not a trivial accomplishment); yet he is as completely a victim of the prejudices and received opinion of our society as the most conscienceless writer of half-hour TV plays. It is a pity, because with his gifts he could very easily be a most revelatory playwright.



PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

# RECORD NOTES

HANDEL-GOOSSENS: *Messiah*. Soloists, Royal Philharmonic Orchestra and Chorus, Sir Thomas Beecham, cond. (*RCA Victor, $25.98*; stereo.)

The attribution on the album cover is to Handel alone, but it is a misnomer. We are introduced here to a new piece of music by Handel-Goossens. "Sixty years' study of his life and works," Sir Thomas writes, "have led me to think that Handel would have raised little objection to some modernization of the instrumental portion of his oratorios as well as his operas." Upon this reasoning, Beecham commissioned the English composer-conductor Sir Eugene Goossens to fabricate some brand-new *Messiah* accompaniments such as Handel might have written were he alive today.

Goossens complied with a revision that amounts to a total rewrite of just about everything in *Messiah* except the shape of the melodies themselves. He is, of course, by no means the first person to have tinkered with Handel's score. It has been reorchestrated many times before—most notably by Mozart, whose version (as amended by Prout) is the one usually heard. Goossens goes considerably further, however, than any of his predecessors. Turning his back completely on the spare, crisp sound of eighteenth-century scoring, he swathes *Messiah* in the full panoply of late-romantic refulgence and sets his huge orchestra—complete with English horn, contrabassoon, harp, and assorted percussion—to producing the richest, most piquant sounds of which it is capable.

This sort of updating is no longer much in fashion. Purists find it impertinent and indefensible, and they have strong logic on their side. Rather than try to argue the musical ethics of the case, we shall do well to view the Goossens revision of *Messiah* as a totally new work with judge it on its own merits.

As such, it is utterly captivating. These are glorious noises, however anachronistic. Very occasionally, as in the "Hallelujah" Chorus, one detects an excess of grandiloquence, a descent into Technicolor, but the new accompaniments are preponderantly tasteful in conception and invariably artful in execution.

The performance itself is exquisite. Beecham captures the grandeur, the tenderness, the nobility, and the charm of Handel as nobody else could. His chorus is outstanding—lithe, precise, without a raw edge showing—and the solo singers display not a trace of the sodden oratorio style that so often disfigures *Messiah* performances. Never have the familiar airs and choruses been rendered with greater *élan* and virtuosity.

SCHUBERT: "Trout" Quintet. Clifford Curzon, piano; members of the Vienna Octet. (*London, $4.98*; stereo.) Trio No. 1, in B Flat. David Oistrakh Trio. (*Angel, $5.98*; stereo.)

Every now and again one comes across a disc that unmistakably proclaims the joy of making music. This quality is radiantly present in a new recording of the "Trout" Quintet by Clifford Curzon and members of the Vienna Octet. From the opening

A-major chord it is obvious that these five musicians found themselves in rare good humor on the day of the session and that the occasion was ripe for extracting the utmost cheer from Schubert's delicious sallies. The notes are not so much bowed or struck here as they are caressed, and the rhythms proceed at a marvelously natural and happy gait.

The B-flat Trio as played by the three Russians, on the other hand, seems more like a dutiful run-through than a joyous romp. Nothing is radically amiss in their playing, and some individual passages—for example, Oistrakh's silkily quiet enunciation of the second-movement theme—are very good, but the sum total is rather leaden.

Stereo recording, by the way, greatly enhances the Viennese "Trout." Anyone who still believes that the second channel adds nothing to chamber music should listen to the magical moment in the first movement when the double bass plays its solo against triplet runs by the piano and a harmonic reinforcement by violin, viola, and cello.

VERDI: *Macbeth*. Leonie Rysanek, soprano; Leonard Warren, baritone; *et al.*; Metropolitan Opera Orchestra and Chorus, Erich Leinsdorf, cond. (*RCA Victor, $17.94*; stereo.)

Although all of Verdi's early (i.e., pre-*Rigoletto*) operas are sporadically performed in Italy, *Macbeth* is the only one among them to have gained a secure foothold elsewhere. To label the opera "early Verdi" is a bit misleading. What we hear today is not the original score of 1847 (contiguous in the Verdi chronology with *Attila* and *I Masnadieri*, both negligible) but a revision fashioned by the composer eighteen years later for a production in Paris.

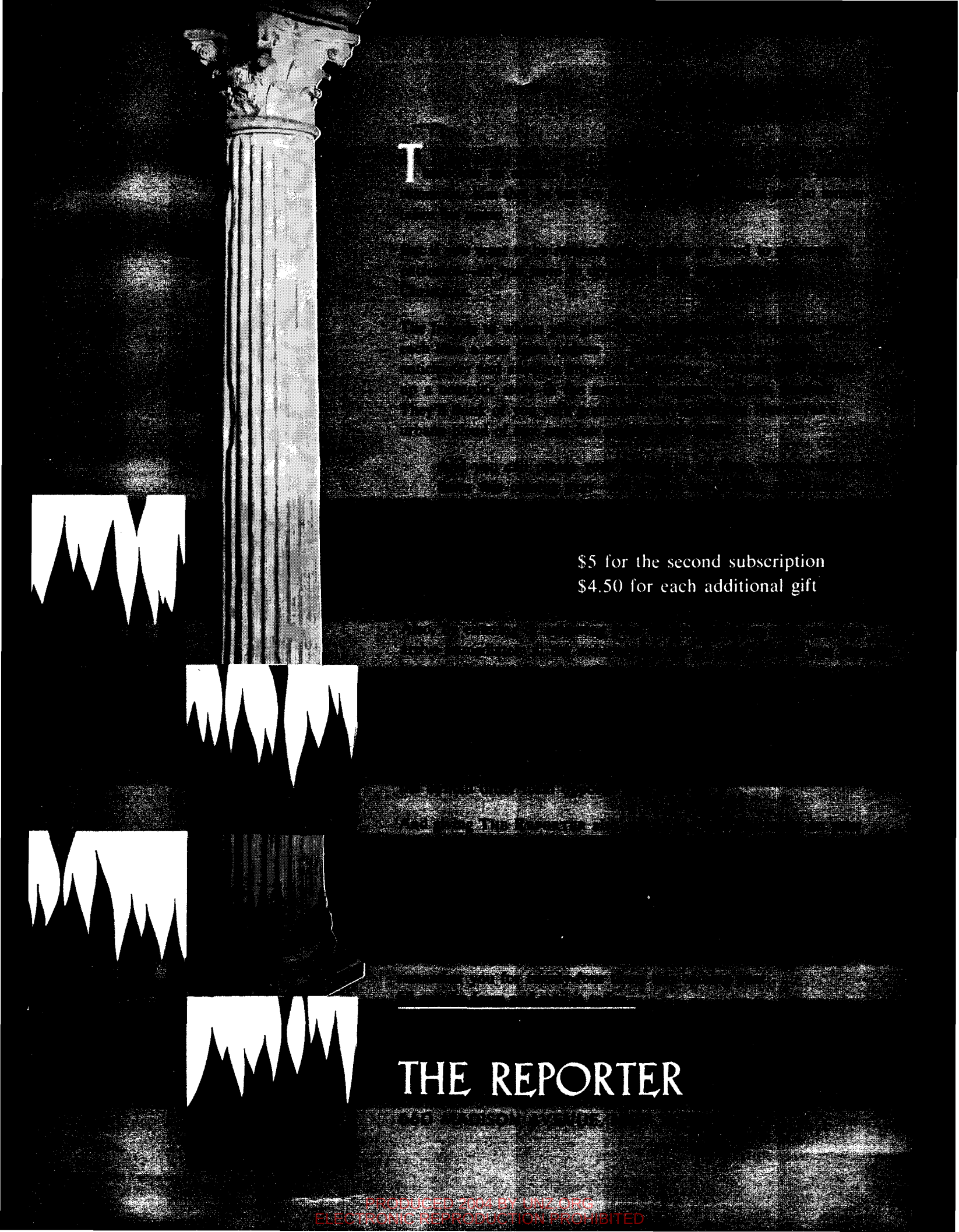
Much of *Macbeth*, as a result, has the flavor of mature Verdi. This is particularly noticeable in its powerful and accomplished orchestral passages, without which the work would seem far less attractive today. When the 1847 Verdi begins to run into melodic banality, the 1865 Verdi almost always comes to his rescue with an enlivening instrumental touch. And when both Verdis are running in high gear—as in the celebrated Sleepwalking Scene—the end product is quite extraordinary.

This recording of last season's Metropolitan production under Leinsdorf's vigorous and meticulous direction will be hard to surpass. The role of Macbeth requires just the kind of forceful, implacable vocalism at which Leonard Warren excels, and the high altitudes and long-sustained curves of Lady Macbeth's arias beautifully display Miss Rysanek's imperious brilliance. One can conceive of more penetrating characterizations, but the music is splendidly sung. The Metropolitan Opera Orchestra sounds in particularly good form—far better than it normally does in the opera house.

—ROLAND GELATT



PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED




PRODUCED 2014 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

BOOKS

# The Lost Kingdom of Oz

SHIRLEY JACKSON

EVERY now and then, even these days, I meet someone else who knows the names of the four countries of Oz, or how John Carter came to be Warlord of Mars, or how many toes the queen of the goblins had, or what the Lady from Philadelphia said about the salt in the coffee. There are fewer of us every year, I suspect, and almost none of us are children. I cannot actually think of more than a dozen children who know their way around the Land of Oz; they know a great deal about Mars, of course, but not the red sands John Carter trod; what *they* know is how we are going to get a rocket to land there. The luckiest children today are those whose parents have treasured their own old copies of the Oz books and *The Wind in the Willows* and *The Sleepy King* and *The Princess and the Goblin* and *Mary Poppins* and *The Peterkin Papers* and all the other dear books of wonder and adventure. Anyone who ever loved books as a child can add to the list (what about *Alice* or Andrew Lang's rainbow series of fairy books?). But unless the old tattered volumes are still safely tucked away in the bookshelf, the kids are going to have to do without most of them. Magic has no place in children's books any more; *facts* are what children are supposed to be reading. The old favorites are being slowly frozen out, suppressed—and in some cases deliberately—by grave people who believe that reading and learning are inseparable, and provide good sensible books about the inspiring character of John Quincy Adams or how Violet, Girl Horticulturist, found love and a career in a greenhouse.

Ten minutes in the children's department of any bookstore will demonstrate clearly that our children are being brutally cheated. We deplore the truth that our children read less, that they turn to comic books and television, and in order to encourage them to read we offer them books that are an offense to their minds and to our pocketbooks. Any child who has been brought up on books in which the heroes are Mr. Smith the postman and Mr. Jones down at the grocery store and nice old Dan the school-bus driver is going to turn with gratitude to the larger-than-life heroes on television. Any child who has been crammed with the breathless adventure of going on a train or going with Mommy to the supermarket is going to find a wild delight in the wonderfully impossible perils in the comic books. No doubt these children are fully capable of doing the week's marketing or putting together a steam engine by the time they are twelve, but they have never heard of the four countries of Oz.

IN QUALITY, price, and subject matter, the books we try to give our children are disgraceful. Even after setting aside as beneath consideration the unspeakable Disney perversions (who can ever *want* to believe in fairies after seeing Tinker Bell looking like nothing so much as a petulant chorus girl, or read Mother Goose from a volume that shows Donald Duck as Mother Goose and Minnie Mouse eating her curds and whey?), the range of children's books runs from unreadable print to unreadable tripe. For children who want to own books and read them over and over, rather than borrow them from a library whose librarians may or may not permit them to read what they want, the choice is deplorable.

The dollar books, which are reasonably within the price range of most allowance-minded children and their parents, are plainly not intended for reading. The purpose in buying these endless student-nurse or boy-detective books is a collector's purpose, not a reader's. The object is to own as many of any given series as possible; reading them is unnecessary, since neither the characters nor the plot changes even slightly from one volume to the next, and consequently no effort is expended to make them readable. The paper is unpleasant to the eye and to the touch, the print is ghastly, and the errors frequent. They stand nicely in a row on the bookshelf, however, and perhaps that is worth a dollar. They have not changed, these uniform books, in many years; they were around (although cheaper) when I first started reading many years ago, and I expect that they will still be around (although more expensive) when my great-grandchildren curl up to read on a rainy afternoon.

The "fine" editions priced at four and five dollars boast rich paper, print, and binding, colored illustrations so genteel as to be almost invisible, and sometimes even an extra plastic dust jacket to keep the child from getting his dirty hands all over the book. These books are intended for grandmothers and aunts to give children for birthdays, and very nice presents they make, too; they are easy to wrap, and they look expensive.

AT ALL PRICES, however, today's books for children share a kind of mediocrity and sameness that is enough to send anyone back to the television set. A parent searching for some particular title—*Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm,* for instance, or *Heidi,* that great old school prize—can probably find it, or have the store order it, if it is sufficiently sensible and antiseptic to have endured. But a parent just looking for something the kids might like to read is faced with a discouraging line of true books about real people (splendid old John Quincy Adams!) or books of science made simple for young minds, or stories about dogs and horses and nurses and how children live in Bombay. *Black Beauty* is there, and sometimes even *Babar;* sometimes there are collections of folk tales or fairy tales or nursery tales or poems "revised" or "brought up to date." (Revising and bringing a book up to date means taking out anything that might possibly offend anybody, so the children won't ever learn about the bad things like that.) There might even be a copy of *The Wizard of Oz,* with new,



PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

modern illustrations and a fancy price.

This is not intended to be a complete condemnation of all modern children's books; clearly, it would be silly to say that books like the Dr. Seuss enchantments, or the *Danny Dunn* series, or *Pogo* ought not to stand beside their ancestors. Writers of imagination and skill will always turn to children first and be thankfully received. Best of all, occasionally an old favorite does turn up.

GENUINE THANKS are due to the Looking Glass Library, distributed by Random House. They have published, so far, only ten volumes, but these ten are the most welcome that have come along in recent years. They are priced at a dollar and a half each; the paper is good, the print readable, and the illustrations are frequently the original ones, which means no nonsense about smartening up E. Nesbit's Five Children or trying to improve on Edward Lear's own illustrations for his limericks. Physically, they are pleasant to contemplate, with none of the greasy, lurid quality of the dollar books. Best of all, there is an irresistible feeling to them, as though one of the editors chose a book to reprint because he used to enjoy it when he was a boy, or because he had read it to his own kids and they loved it, or because he had always wanted to read it over again.

**THE LOOKING GLASS TEN**

THE PETERKIN PAPERS, by Lucretia Peabody Hale.
THE BLUE FAIRY BOOK, edited by Andrew Lang.
THE PRINCESS AND THE GOBLIN, by George Macdonald.
MEN AND GODS, by Rex Warner.
FIVE CHILDREN AND IT, by E. Nesbit.
WILD ANIMALS I HAVE KNOWN, by Ernest Thompson Seton.
A BOOK OF NONSENSE, by Edward Lear.
THE LOOKING GLASS BOOK OF VERSE, edited by Janet Adam Smith.
THE HAUNTED LOOKING GLASS, chosen by Edward Gorey.
THE LOST WORLD, by Arthur Conan Doyle.

Everyone who reads them—and that should be most parents and all children—will want to propose additional titles (*could* you do *The Sleepy King*, gentlemen, do you think? It has taken the Seven Bookhunters twenty years to get me a copy), and the intention of the series—to publish specifically books which have been hard to find—is an admirable one; we do not really need another edition of *Little Women*, after all. Our family is sitting here waiting for new titles to come out; we have finished all these and we want more.

# Missionary in Sicily

**CLAIRE STERLING**

REPORT FROM PALERMO, by Danilo Dolci. Introduction by Aldous Huxley; translated from the Italian by P. D. Cummins. *Orion Press. $4.*

In the seven years since Danilo Dolci began his work in Sicily, he has made more friends abroad than at home. The British, the French, the Swedes and Norwegians admire him without reserve as a kind of modern saint. The Italians feel too uncomfortable about him to call him that. Had he gone south to dispense charity or political tracts, as other young northern intellectuals have done, he might have had a better reception. But to go as Dolci did with no money or party or church behind him, to marry a fisherman's illiterate widow with five children and settle into a malodorous, waterless, heatless flat—to become, in short, a voluntary and defenseless member of the Sicilian poor—was to put a heavy strain on his compatriots' conscience and credulity.

Dolci's purpose and the measure of his success are hard to define. He has not tried to recruit anybody for anything. He has tried only to record the Sicilians' appalling misery, to understand the causes of it, to work out practical remedies. On the first score he has been superb. In *Bandits in Partinico*, in *Act Quickly—and Well—Because They're Dying Here*, and now in *Report from Palermo*, he has captured the Sicilian poor in


*The History of a Contemporary Classic*

We have been asked by people interested in the public reaction to important books for the publishing history of **John Kenneth Galbraith's THE AFFLUENT SOCIETY.** We thought that some who haven't asked might like to know.

**THE AFFLUENT SOCIETY** was published on May 27, 1958 with an original printing of ten thousand copies. An immediate bestseller, and on the bestseller lists for some thirty weeks, it is now in its tenth printing. It was a selection of The Book Find Club and an alternate Book-of-the-Month Club; in all some 100,000 copies are in print in the United States. The discussion of the book continues and so does the demand.

That is not all. The phrase, "affluent society," has also passed into the language in England as well as in the United States and the British edition is now in its third printing. A German translation appeared earlier this year and was an immediate success, so was an Italian edition. It has either appeared or is about to appear in French, Japanese, Spanish and Swedish.

This is the history — so far. We think it shows that people do buy important books.

$5.00 Houghton Mifflin Co.



**A** postal delivery zone number helps speed your mail!

**B** certain to include your return address on all letters and packages.

**C** that the delivery address is correct and complete!




PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the act of their agony, with a marvelous ear for their dialogue and eye for detail; and this, his latest book, is by far his best.

*Report from Palermo* was intended as a "small contribution to the initial stages of a study on the unemployed in the province of Palermo," which is Sicily's capital. It is a scientific work: Dolci is a trained scholar with a degree in architecture and engineering, and the volunteer research teams he sent out for this survey were as thorough and objective as the human material they were dealing with allowed. But the statistics in this volume, horrifying as they are, are the least valuable part of the contents.

To say that nearly half the potential working people in Palermo are without steady employment, that two hundred thousand of them live in condemned or condemnable dwellings, that 2,100,000 Sicilians—47.1 per cent of the island's population—are completely destitute or semi-destitute, is to do little more than restate a familiar tragedy. What is infinitely more absorbing is the picture these destitute people give of their lives and, above all, the answers they give to the most searching of the eleven questions put to them: "When you are unemployed, how do you live?"

HOW, INDEED? anyone might ask who has seen them. Their replies make up a dictionary of despair that may be the first ever compiled, certainly the most comprehensive. There are the *munnezzare* who collect manure clandestinely from Palermo's streets (it is city property and they're fined if caught), the *panerare* who loiter outside aristocratic villas hoping for a chance to carry the *baronneddu's* parcels, the teachers who run schools for pickpockets. There are also the peddlers of *stigghiole* (roasted cow, horse, and sheep lungs) or *frittola* (boiled pig's liver), the hawkers of jasmine perfume, brilliantine, good-luck charms, or charcoal (twenty-eight of whom in one district alone have been fined a total of eight thousand times in ten years), the magicians, barkers, fire-eaters, storytellers, hurdy-gurdy men, and one-man lotteries (five cents a chance for a basket of groceries). There are the *spicciafaccende* who stand in line in government offices to get other people's legal papers, and the *zuinisti* who are paid by one doctor or lawyer to lure clients away from another. There are the men who row out to American ships in the harbor to buy whatever the ship's cook can smuggle under his jacket—slivers of pork skin, chicken wings picked clean, cheese rinds, heels of salami—for resale in the slums. And there are the women who rent out leeches for bloodletting, carefully purging the bloated creatures after each feast so that, like the ancient Romans, they are at once ready for another.

To trudge the streets from dawn to dusk, to come home with perhaps a dollar to feed a wife and a dozen children, to sleep on a dirt floor in a windowless room with an open drain for a toilet—that is how the unemployed live in Palermo, and the story is no different in the countryside. Where the city dweller survives by trying to outwit the government and his neighbors, the peasant does the same by trying to outwit nature—foraging for the shy wild greens hidden in the forest (sold for a penny a bunch), ferreting out the snails that shelter under stones (which they eat shell and all), snaring anything else they consider edible: rabbits, frogs, eels, wild dogs, porcupines. "Watching all the different creatures in the woods and fields and streams," says a goatherd, "I get to thinking lots of times that they're no different from us. We all eat each other up—you do, I do. An animal's life is just as hard as ours."

Running through the tales of these witnesses is a haunted yearning for work. "Do you think it is God's will that you are unemployed?" Dolci asks them. "God might will a man to be out of work for a couple of weeks," a peasant answers. "But for a whole year—no, never." A whole year—what then of a lifetime? For to be unemployed in Sicily is to serve a life sentence, and few dare to cut it short in the only way they might. "I keep telling myself it would be better to end it all," says one. "And then I remember my kids. Please, God, give me the strength not to kill myself."

If God is not to blame for unemployment, Dolci asks the witnesses, then who is? The rich, some say; the Mafia, say others; the landowners, the priests, the politicians, the police; and one answers simply: "Men."

They are quite right. There is nothing supernatural—or natural, for that matter—about the Sicilians' timeless *miseria*. It is man-made, and as Dolci points out, it can be unmade by all the prosaic expedients known to man: irrigation, modern farming methods, industrial investments, an efficient regional government, an honest police force. That does not seem much to ask in the latter half of the twentieth century. But in this Mafia-ridden land, left to fester for hundreds of years in encrusted greed, ignorance, and corruption, it is like asking for the moon.

DOLCI hasn't demanded everything at once. His proposals so far have been modest: a small dam, for instance, that would irrigate enough land for the 2,500 destitute residents of Trappeto; an urgently needed secondary road in Partinico; an easy switchover in crops from wheat to artichokes or peas that would absorb all the idle farm labor in nine communes that he has studied in depth.

But any change in Sicily is a revolution, and Dolci's proposals have been treated accordingly, as has the man who made them. During his seven-year stay, he has been persecuted in a thousand petty and not-so-petty ways: he has been accused of promiscuity, atheism, Communism, and distribution of pornographic literature (consisting of a paragraph on prostitution in *Report from Palermo*); his nursery schools have been closed for "lack of hygienic facilities"; he has been dogged and bullied by the police, jailed by the regional government, threatened by the Mafia; and several of his volunteer assistants have been either run off the island or—in the case of some foreigners—run out of Italy altogether.

Nevertheless, he is wonderfully persistent; and though he may not have gotten very far against so thick a wall of animosity, he has found a weapon that may some day pierce it: his books. As a social document, as an indictment and a plea, or just simply as a volume of spare but eloquent prose, *Report from Palermo* is a fascinating work. Few Sicilians have read it, but they can already feel the eyes that are turning on them from afar.



PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

# The High-Level Cliché

**JOHN KENNETH GALBRAITH**

MEN AT THE TOP, by Osborn Elliott. *Harper. $3.95.*

The author of this damaging book is an experienced and able journalist who came up the ladder as a business reporter to become managing editor of *Newsweek* and would seem to have no reason for disliking tycoons. But perhaps he has that urge, which once so fascinated psychologists, to hurt what he really loves. In any case, this volume is a relentless piece of muckraking in the manner of Gustavus Myers and the early Ida M. Tarbell, with the difference that the offense has changed. For them it was venality, and now it is banality. In his attack, Mr. Elliott is not greatly handicapped by what

many will consider a personal insensitivity to the crime he is exposing.

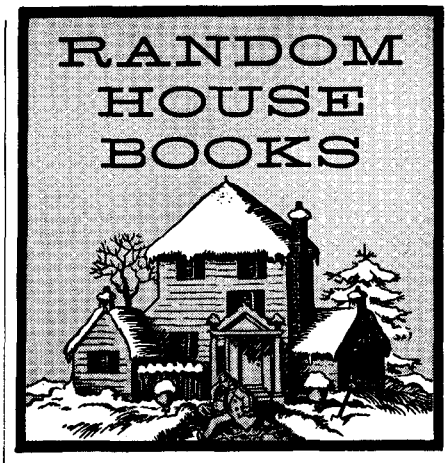
The author prepared his onslaught by addressing a questionnaire to leading businessmen, and this was returned by some eighty in all. He then followed this up with personal confrontation. At least one of his quarry, H. J. Heinz II of the many varieties, saw the plot and pleaded with Mr. Elliott to desist. "Why not leave the poor [businessman] alone? . . . After all, anyone can be made to look foolish if he's held close enough to the light for long enough." But the author went relentlessly ahead, not sparing even Mr. Heinz.

His technique was so deceptively simple that it involved no deception at all. He merely listened to the thoughts of his victims on life, work, business success, wives, Washington, Richard Nixon, and general righteousness, then published them. Heard one at a time over a period of twenty years, these thoughts wouldn't be remarkable. Accumulated in one book, they are overpowering. I do think that Mr. Elliott should have explained in defense of the American entrepreneur that the picture provided is not representative. Those who did not talk did not get into his book. And the first law of free-enterprise philosophy is this: he who doesn't open his mouth doesn't come out with platitudes. I should also add, in fairness, that the eye of the reader or reviewer naturally catches the most lurid offenses.

THE AUTHOR did his people the most damage by asking them to talk about their formulas for business success. This they evidently did with some relish, and the results, as Mr. Elliott more or less accidentally shows, are sadly confusing. Some thought success genetic. Crawford Greenewalt of du Pont said, "It's a matter of genes and chromosomes." Charles B. (Tex) Thornton of Litton Industries compared successful businessmen such as himself to race horses in the nearby paddock. "They're bred to race. It's the same with people. It's something that's born into you."

While the natural consequences of Mr. Thornton's advice would be a breeding pen for blooded executives next to the horses, success for Harry Bullis, the former chairman of General Mills, is a matter not of inheritance but of effort and will. Mr. Bullis had on his wall the motto "DRIVE STRAIGHT AHEAD WITH A POSITIVE MENTAL ATTITUDE." But Donald C. Power of General Telephone & Electronics seemed to argue that success was achieved by not achieving it: "Success is one of those things we never completely reach. The word itself seems to imply a stopping point, a relaxing of efforts . . ." And Eugene Holman of Standard Oil of New Jersey was even more subjective: "I believe every day's sincere effort is a sort of turning point." (It is hard to see how so many turning points could be for the better even in the oil business.)

Both pedigree and positive think-


**Hawaii**

A novel by **JAMES MICHENER.** Michener's greatest tale of the Pacific . . . the thousand-year story of a paradise on earth and of the proud and passionate people who settled there. 946 pages. Endpaper maps in color. Limited Signed Edition, $15.00
Regular Edition, $6.95

**The Mansion**

By **WILLIAM FAULKNER.** The new novel about the Snopes family of Yoknapatawpha County, by the Nobel Prize winning author.
Limited Signed Edition, $12.50
Regular Edition, $4.75

**Act One**

An Autobiography by **MOSS HART.** "One of the best memoirs of this or any other theatrical generation."—TIME MAGAZINE. $5.00

**The Cave**

A novel by **ROBERT PENN WARREN.** "Robert Penn Warren at his best, and they don't come much better than that."—*Arthur Mizener,* N. Y. TIMES BOOK REVIEW. $4.95

**Battle**

**THE STORY OF THE BULGE**

By **JOHN TOLAND.** "A gripping, fascinating presentation of an epic struggle."—GENERAL MATTHEW RIDGWAY. Photographs, endpaper map in 3 colors, 400 pages. $5.00

**Men Die**

A novel by **HUMES.** "Talent was unmistakable in *The Underground City,* but MEN DIE proves that Humes is a writer."—*Granville Hicks,* SATURDAY REVIEW. $3.50

**Now at your bookstore · RANDOM HOUSE, N.Y.**




PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ing were rejected by H. S. M. Burns, the president of Shell. "My advice: Don't worry about yourself. Take care of those who work for you, and you'll float to greatness on their achievements." But then Mr. Burns rejected his own advice. "I tell [my friends], don't avoid congressional investigations, don't send your lawyer, insist on going yourself. I fought a war of nerves with Kefauver for three days, and I won. An executive is a guy with ulcers." Indeed, it seems that Mr. Burns has an ulcer himself.

But if this seems contradictory, there is worse to come. Patrick B. McGinnis, the head of the Boston & Maine Railroad, told the author that the thing that drives men to success is money. "Everyone wants more money." This collides with the fact that what many New Englanders yearn for is not money but better treatment by Mr. McGinnis's railroad. William White of the Delaware & Hudson came down with a thump for culture. "A businessman can't acquire too much broadening. If a person ever stops learning, he

is going to die on the vine." Socony Mobil President A. L. Nickerson said, "The executive's wife can help her husband greatly." This was echoed by Harllee Branch, Jr., of the Southern Company, who referred to his wife with courageous ambiguity as "my senior partner." He also called his four children "quite a little corporation," and here, at least, one can detect a thread of consistency in the success formula. Members of a little corporation, mothered by a senior partner and fathered by a tycoon, should have the right bloodlines to be business thoroughbreds.

NOT ALL of this devastating volume is given over to these confusing success recipes, although the author seems to have been most insidious when tempting his victims to reflect on the means by which they were bred to, driven to, or floated to greatness. There is also much general-purpose wisdom, not all exciting. Charles S. Munson, a general-purpose executive—Air Reduction, U.S. Industrial Chemicals, and Cuban Air Products—said of business, "If you don't have many problems, life is very dull." Richard K. Mellon said of business, "It's all people." David Lilly of Toro Manufacturing Corporation said of business, "Everybody has a philosophy—and my philosophy is that you've got to be a pro. I have admiration for professionals of all sorts—baseball players, toolmakers, even professional cab drivers. I'm a professional manager . . ." However, Clarence B. Randall, formerly of Inland Steel and later a part-time public servant, urged that such admiration, so directed, be kept in check. "They won't open out to you," he said democratically of civil servants, "unless you treat them as equals." Sid Boyden, who searches for executive talent, offered the mathematically most precise bit of wisdom: "The strength of this country today is in the strength of its industrial economy. The strength of the economy is in direct ratio to the quality of executives. . . . Put it this way: If our top executive talent in general is operating at 70 per cent of capacity, our economy is only operating at 70 per cent, too." At first glance this pronouncement seems to provide a new and attractive view of the business cycle—what might be called the theory of executive input. But then one comes up against the dreadful uncertainty as to the remedy. If the G.N.P. is thirty per cent off, does one go after executives who float like a Burns or others who drive like a Bullis? One imagines it would make quite a difference.

THOUGH it must involve a difficult decision for a muckraker, Mr. Elliott does not spare the private

lives of his people. These, it should be said at once, are more gruesome than unseemly. Thus at 6:30 each morning. Edward Cole, the manager of Chevrolet, is brought out of bed by a clock-radio and moves on to an assembly line. After the bathroom, "he hits his underwear first, his socks next, and then his shirts. Moving smoothly down the hall, Cole picks up a tie, puts on his shoes, then drifts by a closet that holds nothing but trousers." Soon Cole is dressed and fueled and on the way to the Chevrolet assembly line. Processing extends to the whole family at the home of Charles Percy, the head of Bell & Howell. One of the little Percys is captain each week with the task of awakening all of the other Percys at 6:45. From then until 8:20, the schedule calls for a family meeting, songs, Bible reading, breakfast, and a kind of supersonic French lesson (fifteen minutes) for the head of the family. It will be said that what the Percys do in the dawn's early light is strictly their business. So it is, and no doubt they should have kept it so.

In Atlanta the mornings are more leisurely. Mills B. Lane, a banker who gives away beautifully landscaped ties with his own design of a beaming sun, a bale of cotton, and the legend "It's a wonderful world," and who suffers some frightful though perhaps not altogether unmerited indignities at the hands of Mr. Elliott, is an early riser but a fairly relaxed one. "I get up at 5 A.M. every day. I smoke a pack of



PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

cigarettes and drink a pot of coffee —and I muse. If I ain't got a project to think about I'm not happy."

Some other executives have their moments of revelation late at night, and for some these occur at greater intervals. Thus at Merck, President John Connor requires each of 150 key executives to make out a New Year's list of his objectives, classified under three heads: general, specific, and personal. Then each official discusses these in a manly way with his immediate superior, who helps him decide "whether his objectives are too ambitious or too short in their reach." There is a midyear review of progress and a final accounting at the end of the year. A man's personal objectives, so planned, reviewed, closed out, and audited, "may be anything from improving his vocabulary to working more actively in community affairs." The reports of the Merck man with a lovely but chaste secretary or who aims to make a little more on his expense account would be charming.

FINALLY Mr. Elliott provides a revealing view of how men get to be executives. This could help to explain some of his other findings. Thus one postulant executive who was being looked over at lunch not long ago lost out because he cut into his pie at the pointed end. The prospective employer "felt that any real individual would attack the problem in some less orthodox manner." One imagines that about the time the poor bastard had laboriously mastered the new method, he would be looked over by an organization man.

In other instances, however, the method of selection is far more reassuring. Thus, as the author tells us, "In . . . a big midwestern firm, the directors recently had to pick a new president, and the logical choice was between two crack men who both had proved themselves over the years. The trouble was that if either was chosen for the top job, the other was sure to quit. The directors finally decided to pick neither; instead they reached down the line and gave the job to the founder's son." Both men remained. The day was saved.

Mr. Elliott, after his own fashion, has dealt business a heavy blow. But he is willing to admit that a few things under our system are manifestations of pure genius.

# The Lion's Wife

**GOUVERNEUR PAULDING**

ADVENTUROUS ALLIANCE: THE STORY OF THE AGASSIZ FAMILY OF BOSTON, by Louise Hall Tharp. Illustrated. *Little, Brown. $5.*

The date is 1865. The Swiss-born naturalist Louis Agassiz and his Bostonian wife, Elizabeth Cary, are on board ship sailing to Brazil where they will meet the Emperor Dom Pedro and explore the Amazon. "On the second day of April," writes Mrs. Tharp—her quotes are from Mrs. Agassiz' letters—"their 'first Sunday at sea,' they walked the decks 'watching a singular cloud, which the captain says is a cloud of smoke in the direction of Petersburg. We think it may be the smoke of a great, decisive engagement going on, while we sail peacefully along." The Agassiz were accompanied by a select group of young men, including William James, who were to help collect specimens—they discovered an odd fish that carries its young in its mouth—and one is somewhat surprised that such a scientific expedition could have been mounted during the Civil War. Profiteering of course mixes well with war, and a certain practical kind of scientific endeavor, but that a Bostonian, Nathaniel Thayer, should finance the collecting of Amazonian fish for what was to be the Agassiz Museum in Cambridge is surely an unusual example of detachment.

Agassiz himself would not have given a single thought to the war: he was, almost to a comic degree, the devoted savant, driving his assistants and even his acquaintances to extremes of scholarly labor; but his wife, as we have seen, was not un-


**FREE COURSE IN ECONOMICS**
***Offered as a Public Service***
**By Correspondence**
**Also Classes in Many Cities**
***A study that will help you understand today's trend in business, labor and taxes.***
*Mail coupon TODAY*

HENRY GEORGE SCHOOL, Dept. R
Chartered by Univ. of State of N. Y.
50 E. 69th St., New York 21, N. Y.
Please send me further information about your FREE course in economics.
Name _____
Address _____
City _____ Zone____ State_____

**Mathematical Macaroni***

**(*MACARONI: A medley; something droll *or extravagant — Webster's Unabridged.)***
**THE MATH ENTERTAINER is the title of a brand new treasure trove of mathematical teasers, ticklers, traps, and twisters, gems, jests, and gyrations—by the hundred!—to beguile, bemuse, and bewilder (perchance—whisper it softly!—instruct).**
Includes: math history, symbols, circles, triangles, measures, moneys, series, permutations, abbreviations, roots and powers, math instruments, ratios, arrangements, fractions, shapes, 'Ilmerick' problems, true-and-false, identifications, logarithms, associations, statistics, calculus "cocktails," crosswords, figures from figures, arches, codes, problems and puzzles, etc., etc. Some of the posers will seem easy, others hard, some will amuse, others exasperate—but none are dull.
**Answers and complete explanations are given for all problems. Illustrated. Order Now!**
**THE MATH ENTERTAINER**
By Philip Heafford
$2.95 Postfree. 10-Day Money-Back Guarantee.
EMERSON BOOKS, Inc., Dept. 853-L
251 West 19 Street, New York 11

NIXON IS RUNNING *almost four to one over Rockefeller in the public polls, but not everywhere. Last week a student organization polled the Harvard faculty, and it develops that up there it's Rockefeller five to one! Now this discrepancy is worth contemplating; worth agonizing over, as a matter of fact, because even though there are many more people than Harvard professors, the imbalance is something we are supposed to regret.*
From the current issue of NATIONAL REVIEW. Write to Dept. R-9, 150 E. 35 St., New York 16, N. Y., for free copy.

**TOPOLSKI'S CHRONICLE** . . . A first-time public offering in America. For a most distinguished and tasteful Christmas gift, TOPOLSKI'S CHRONICLE is a modern version of an 18th century broadsheet crammed with great drawings in color and black and white of great contemporary figures in public life and the arts, places and things executed by Feliks Topolski, acknowledged as the greatest draughtsman of our time. Many of them frameable. Printed and mailed in London. 24 issues per year . . . $12.50. Send cheque or money order to
**David B. Yerzy, 18 East 60th St., New York 22.**

**EUROPE**
**We'll see the usual plus Russia, Scandinavia, Yugoslavia & N. Africa. A different trip—for the young in spirit who don't want to be herded around. Also shorter trips. Budget priced.**
***EUROPE SUMMER TOURS***
**255 Sequoia, Box R Pasadena, California**

**BUY BONDS**




PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

conscious of the ambiguities of that cloud of smoke over Virginia, nor could William James and his young companions have been indifferent. "The student volunteers had various private reasons for being on board the *Colorado* instead of in either army," writes Mrs. Tharp, leaving us to conjecture whether there is irony here or a quiet Bostonian assertion of trust in the nobility of Bostonians, native or adopted.

To Mrs. Tharp there is only one villain in this narrative. He is Agassiz' hanger-on and business administrator, the German Desor, who robbed the absent-minded professor of money and made an attempt, thwarted by Agassiz' Boston friends, to rob him of honor. After he had been fired, Desor tried to get his revenge by letting it be known that Agassiz had once given a watch to an Irish maid in his boardinghouse; disturbed by Desor's insinuations, the father of the future Mrs. Agassiz instituted a sort of rogatory commission in Europe, composed of our minister to Switzerland and various business acquaintances, to report on Agassiz' reputation. So Desor was not adopted but vanquished by Boston and Agassiz had no further troubles, either ancillary or financial. Agassiz died, lionized by Boston, praised by Darwin, in 1873, and this book gets along very well without him, for it is really about his wife.

Elizabeth Cary Agassiz lived on to achieve before she died in 1907 a striking likeness to Queen Victoria, the Swiss husband providing the dearly remembered consort. There had been the Brazilian adventure—for years she could recall the smell of fish in alcohol—and the walks in the New England hills to observe the traces of weighty glaciers. All this was gone. But there remained Boston, that ineffable consolation, and work to be done.

She launched a plan that was to make it possible for young ladies to take the first step along that road which has finally brought them all the long way into the Harvard yard. In 1879, she sponsored a school for girls that would be taught by Harvard professors. She found money for the plan; she fought it through the state legislature; she promised it would not lead to coeducation—and Radcliffe came into being.

# A Ghostly Giggle

**MICHAEL HARRINGTON**

PORNOGRAPHY AND THE LAW, by Drs. Eberhard and Phyllis Kronhausen. *Ballantine Books. 75¢.*

Puritanism has long been a form of sex in the United States. The marginal movies in Times Square promise a double come-on: photographs of near-naked women; moralizing slogans about the deplorable state of our youth who managed to get undressed in this fashion. The most recent addition to the American confusion is even more complex.

The Kronhausens' aim is worthy enough. They propose to distinguish between "erotic realism" and obscenity. The former category applies to *Lady Chatterley's Lover* and to Shakespeare. It is composed of those frank and erotic scenes which are functional in a serious artistic presentation of life. It may stimulate and suggest, but always within the context of a necessary realism. Obscenity, on the other hand, is without high purpose; it is stag-party *kitsch*.

All of this is obviously quite sound. So are the psychological insights that go along with the aesthetic theory. In an interesting final chapter, the Kronhausens argue that the erotic may well have the literary function of providing a fantasy world that is sufficiently satisfying to obviate the need for acting out neurotic impulses in reality. Their work bristles with citations to Freud, Kinsey, Theodor Reik, and others. Its point of view is humane, liberal, and tolerant.

But actually, *Pornography and the Law* merely adds a third ingredient, liberalism, to the odd combination of puritanism and sex. As a result, the reader finds it difficult to understand why he is being aroused. Is it for erotic pleasure or for the common good? Unfortunately, this ambiguity serves no good purpose. It dashes vulgarity with the cold water of moralizing, and it vulgarizes morality by making it a sort of *Reader's Digest* of the orgiastic.

For one thing, *Pornography and the Law* contains a compendium of erotic passages which goes far beyond anything offered in the drugstore book racks of America. There are long, long quotations to provide the illustrations for the liberal analysis. These will unquestionably provide real competition to the shadowy salesman outside the high school or at the factory gate. One can easily imagine the underground reputation this book will develop precisely among those whom it pities. And it has the advantage of a scientific rhetoric—it can even be read openly on the subway.

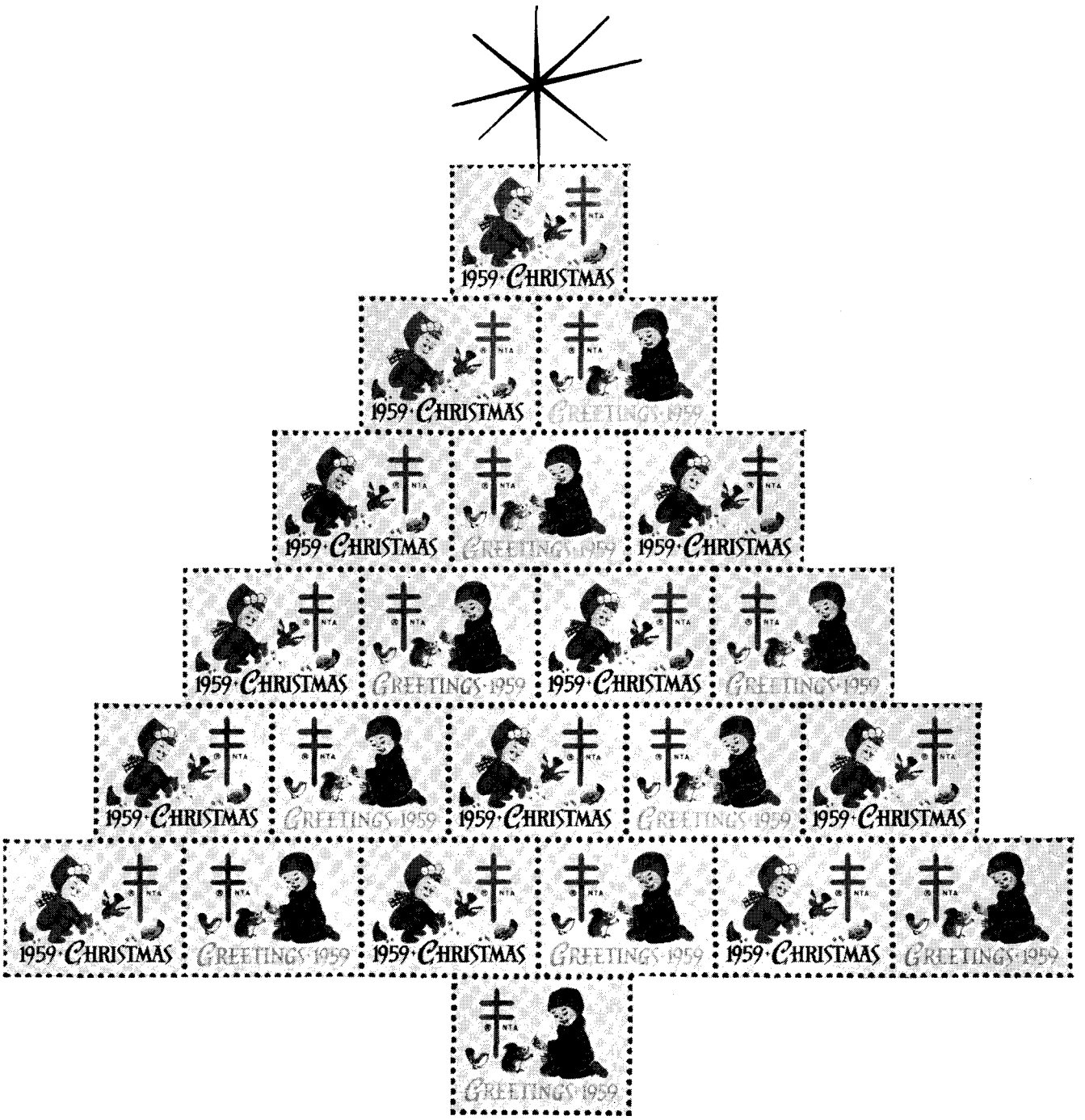
Indeed, a rough guess is that the Kronhausens devote more space to the careful documentation of obscenity than to "erotic realism," and when they are citing a more respectable passage of erotic realism it is, of course, out of context, abstracted from the seriousness in which it functions, and therefore tending toward the obscene. The divisions into scholarly subsections ("Seduction," "Defloration," "Incest," and so on) might fool the chief of police, and one hopes so. But it will not confuse a single adolescent for more than five minutes.

For that matter, the reader of *Pornography and the Law* is spared the gentle tedium of literary buildup that confronts those who go to the original source: here there are only climaxes. It is something like the Beethoven symphonic potpourri at the Radio City Music Hall where a new composition is created out of a series of last movements.

THE BOOK ITSELF thus becomes a piece of pornography in the guise of an essay on pornography. But, since this is the twentieth century, the moralizing does not take the form of occasional condemnations squeezed in between the erotic detail. The puritan element here is science, the ghostly giggle that can hide behind Freud and Kinsey. In other words, *Pornography and the Law* is in the great American tradition. It takes its place with the outraged cry of "Are these our dancing daughters?" as an exercise in titillated puritanism.



PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED




# THE GREATEST GIFT.....

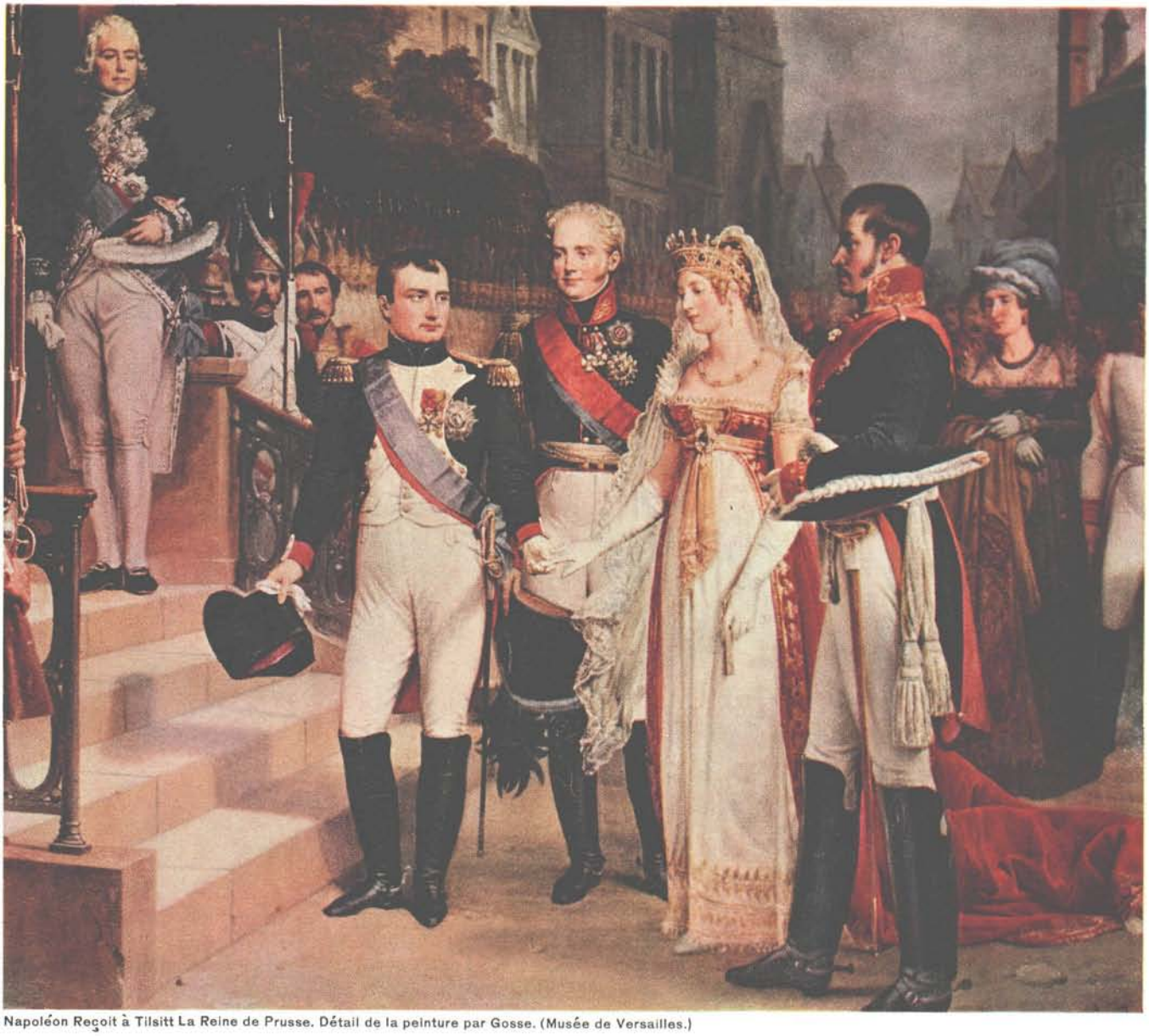
The greatest gift you can place under anyone's Christmas tree or find placed under your own Christmas tree is the gift of good health.

You and millions of Americans like you have helped bestow the gift of health through your Christmas Seal contributions. You have made possible a truly great medical advance—wonderful progress against tuberculosis. Since 1907 over eight million lives have been saved. But the battle is not yet won: TB still kills more people each year than all other infectious diseases combined. TB is still a menace.

Your Christmas Seal gift fights TB throughout the year. Mail your check today, please.

**FIGHT TB WITH CHRISTMAS SEALS**

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



Napoléon Reçoit à Tilsitt La Reine de Prusse. Détail de la peinture par Gosse. (Musée de Versailles.)

*Napoleon receives the Queen of Prussia at Tilsit, July 6, 1807 upon her arrival for the signing of the peace treaty between France and Prussia. Also shown in the group are Talleyrand, Czar Alexander of Russia, King Frederick William III of Prussia.*

# COURVOISIER

## COGNAC

What a host of historic moments are associated with Courvoisier Cognac! It is ***The Brandy of Napoleon.*** As you lift a glass of Courvoisier, reflect *un petit moment* that you hold in your hand Cognac of the same matchless flavour and bouquet which has been the choice of kings and statesmen, of all who can command the finest.

*Imported by W. A. Taylor & Company, New York, N.Y. Sole Distributors for the U.S.A.*

*COURVOISIER COGNAC — AND COURVOISIER ONLY — BEARS THIS REGISTERED PHRASE ON EVERY BOTTLE. REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

**SPECIAL OFFER IN FRENCH CRYSTALWARE**—Four Courvoisier snifter glasses, about 3½ inches tall, with Napoleonic emblem in permanent gold design. Shipped to you from France. Send $1 cash or check *payable to T.V.*, P O. Box 1205, Grand Central Station, New York 17, N.Y. Dept. R-1.

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED